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THE

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CHRISTIANITY IN ABYSSINIA.

1. *Highlands of Abyssinia described during eighteen months' residence of a British Embassy at the Christian Court of Shoa*, by Major W. Cornwallis Harris. New York: J. Winchester. 8vo. pp. 392.
2. *Dublin Review*, No. XXXIII. Richardson & Son, Derby, England.
3. *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.* 1841, 1843, 1844.

UNDER the name of Ethiopia several nations are embraced, distinct from each other, and differing in climate, feature, government and religion. In its vast extent all forms of worship are found, Pagan, Jew, Mahomedan and Christian; all kinds of people, from the negro who toils under the heat of a tropical sun, to the fairer Abyssinian who luxuriates in a temperature that never exceeds 70° nor falls below 41°. Of the countries of Ethiopia, Abyssinia, by reason of its superior soil and climate as well as on account of its past and present state of civilization, is the most remarkable and interesting. From the monumental inscriptions of Egypt and the statements of Grecian historians, as well as the higher testimony of Holy Writ, there can be no doubt that Abyssinia can trace back its history to a period coeval with that of the most ancient nations. According to the traditions of the country, its people are descended from Cush, the grandson of Noah. However questionable some may consider this origin, one thing is certain, that the earliest mention of this country by profane writers, represents it as formidable in power and resources, and distinguished for its advancement in civilization. According to Herodotus even Egypt in its palmy days was conquered by Ethiopia and governed by its monarchs, while no Egyptian monarch, except Sesostris, had up to his time ever succeeded in subduing its warlike people. From the remarks of the same historian it might be inferred that in the opinion of the ancients, Abyssinia was a sort of El Dorado; a country whose wealth tempted the cupidity of nations, as much as its power commanded their respect. The report which the ambassadors of Cambyses made, of their interview with the Ethiopian king, impresses the reader with the idea of a mighty potentate

whose people revelled in wealth and splendor.

"As soon as the Ichthyophagi arrived from Elephantine, Cambyses despatched them to Ethiopia. They were commissioned to deliver, with certain presents, a particular message to the prince. The presents consisted of a purple vest, a gold chain for the neck, bracelets, an alabaster box of perfumes, and a cask of palm wine. The Ethiopians to whom Cambyses sent, are reported to be superior to all other men in the perfections of size and beauty: their manners and customs, which differ also from those of all other nations, have, besides, this singular distinction; the supreme authority is given to him who excels all his fellow-citizens in size and proportionable strength.

"The Ichthyophagi on their arrival offered the presents, and thus addressed the king: 'Cambyses, sovereign of Persia, from his anxious desire of becoming your friend and ally, has sent us to communicate with you, and to desire your acceptance of these presents, from the use of which he himself derives the greatest pleasure.' The Ethiopian prince, who was aware of the object they had in view, made them this answer:—'The king of Persia has not sent you with these presents, from any desire of obtaining my alliance; neither do you speak the truth, who, to facilitate the unjust designs of your master, are come to examine the state of my dominions: if he were influenced by principles of integrity, he would be satisfied with his own, and not covet the possessions of another; nor would he attempt to reduce those to servitude from whom he has received no injury. Give him therefore this bow, and in my name speak to him thus: The king of Ethiopia sends this counsel to the king of Persia—when his subjects shall be able to bend this bow with the same ease that I do, then with a superiority of numbers he may venture to attack the Macrobian Ethiopians. In the mean time let him be thankful to the gods, that the Ethiopians have not been inspired with the same ambitious views of extending their possessions.'

"When he had finished, he unbent the bow, and placed it in their hands; after which, taking the purple vest, he inquired what it was, and how it was made: the Ichthyophagi properly explained to him the process by which the purple tincture was communicated; but he told them that they and their vest were alike deceitful. He then made similar inquiries concerning the bracelets and the gold chains for the neck: upon their describing the nature of those ornaments, he laughed, and conceiving them to be chains, remarked, that the Ethiopians possessed much stronger. He proceeded lastly to ask them the use of the perfumes; and when they informed him how they were made and applied, he made the same observation as he had before done of the purple robe. When he came to the wine, and learned how it was made, he drank it with particular satisfaction; and inquired upon what food the Persian monarch subsisted, and what was the longest period of a Persian's life. The king, they told him, lived chiefly upon bread; and they then described to him the properties of corn: they added, that the longest period of life in Persia was about eighty years. 'I am not at all surprised,' said the Ethiopian prince, 'that, subsisting on dung, the term of life is so short among them; and unless,' he continued, pointing to the wine, 'they mixed it with this liquor, they would not live so long:' for in this he allowed they excelled the Ethiopians.

"The Ichthyophagi in their turn questioned the prince concerning the duration of life in Ethiopia, and the kind of food there in use: They were told, that the majority of the people lived to the age of one hundred and twenty years, but that some exceeded even that period; that their meat was baked flesh, their drink milk. When the spies expressed astonishment at the length of life in Ethiopia, they were conducted to a certain fountain, in which having bathed, they became shining as if anointed with oil, and emitted from their bodies the perfume of violets. But they asserted that the water of this fountain was of so unsubstantial a nature, that neither wood, nor any thing still lighter than wood, would float upon its surface, but every thing instantly sunk to the bottom. If their representation of this water was true, the constant use of it may probably explain the extreme length of life which the Ethiopians attain. From the fountain they were conducted to the public prison, where all that were confined, were secured by chains of gold; for among these Ethiopians, brass is the rarest of all metals. After visiting the prison, they saw also what is called the table of the sun.

"Finally they were shown the Ethiopian coffins, which are said to be

constructed of crystal, and in this manner:—After all the moisture is exhausted from the body, by the Egyptian or some other process, they cover it totally with a kind of plaster, which they adorn with various colors, and make it exhibit as near a resemblance as may be, of the person of the deceased. They then inclose it in a hollow pillar of crystal, which is dug up in great abundance, and of a kind that is easily worked. The deceased is very conspicuous through the crystal, has no disagreeable smell, nor any thing else that is offensive. The nearest relations keep this coffin for a twelvemonth in their houses, offering before it different kinds of victims, and the first fruits of their lands; these are afterwards removed and set up round the city."*

That there is as much of romance as reality in this narrative will hardly be doubted at this day: yet certain it is, from the splendor of the ruins which are found in that country, from the monumental remains which even now encompass the once splendid city of Axum, that Abyssinia has had a career of political glory, brilliant and enviable, but which, like all the perishable creations of human genius, has passed away. The present dilapidated condition of Axum is well described in the Annals of Faith, by Father Montuosi, one of those pious Lazarist missionaries who has devoted the labors of his life to the conversion of the people of Abyssinia.

"Axum formerly had a more brilliant destiny: at the time that the Ptolemies reigned over Egypt, it formed one of its provinces, and was then the capital of Abyssinia. It is now decayed; but one can perceive its grandeur in its ruins. At the first bounds of its ancient wall, we saw the bases of enormous pyramids, and near them colossal stones scattered upon the grass. As I was occupied in copying a Greek inscription, which appeared to me interesting, and which for this reason I wished to send to our archeologist at Rome, I was surprised by the night, and obliged to abandon my work, which I quickly did, as the tigers and leopards began to roar a little way off. We then penetrated into the interior of the city, and amidst a large heap of rubbish we searched for the site of its ancient forum: I counted here twenty-five obelisks, still standing on their bases. One of them is cut after nearly the same dimensions as that which ornaments the piazza of St. Peter's at Rome: the others resemble much, in height and shape, the pyramid in front of the Pantheon. These monuments are not, however, equal to the obelisks of Italy; they are not, like the latter, formed of granite, or covered with mysterious hieroglyphics. The matter of which they are composed is a sort of blackish stone, like that which Vesuvius throws up, and with which the Neapolitans pave their streets; the reliefs which decorate them represent some military trophies rudely engraved. I visited the above the evening of my arrival at Axum, and remained among them until the last glimmer of twilight."*

Besides these scattered vestiges, there is but little in Abyssinia at this day to impress us with an idea of her ancient renown. Father Montuosi, whose dreams of the splendor of the Abyssinian court had been wrought up to a high pitch by the vagaries of a German historian, gives us a very good-humored account of the disappointment he experienced in witnessing the sober reality. Of the monarch, he says:

"I painted him to myself, as I had seen him in a picture, wearing a mantle embroidered with gold and covered with jewels; having on his head a magnificent turban, and seated in the Turkish fashion on a rich oriental carpet in the middle of a splendid apartment adorned with costly furniture and surrounded by a train of grandees, officers and soldiers respectfully bowing before his terrible majesty. This representation was only a dream, and the account which made me conceive it was only a fable. In place of a glorious monarch, I saw a barefooted king in his drawers, having for his throne a miserable rag of red cloth spread over a little straw. Twenty persons, ranged around him on straw seats like his own, formed all his court: his palace is but a cabin."†

A still stronger contrast between the Abyssinians of to-day and the Abyssinians of yore displays itself in the interview between the same worthy missionary, and the son of the monarch whose court he has just described.

* Herodot. vol. ii, pp. 12–15.

* Annals of Faith, vol. ii, pp. 348–9. London.
† Ibid. p. 348.

"In approaching *Avanfido*, I was informed that the son of the African monarch, whom I had lately seen at the palace of Aduah, was encamped in the neighborhood with five thousand men. Prudence made it a duty for me to go and offer him my homage; I presented myself, therefore, at the tent of the prince. He was a child of fourteen years old, whose tastes and manners, as it might be presumed, notwithstanding his gravity, retained something of boyhood. My hat struck him more than every thing else; he put it on his head five or six times, and then passed it to the officers, who surrounded him. Each, to please him, tried it on his head, which was no service to my hat, as it returned to me quite dirtied from the round it had made. You must know that the elegance and vanity of the Abyssinians, men and women, are directed particularly to their hair. They dress it with art, and arrange it in such a manner that they condemn themselves to pass the night with their necks fixed in a forked stick, which, by not touching their hair, prevents the deranging of their tresses, of which they are so proud. But this is not all; butter is for them what pomatum is for the Europeans. They load their head with it in abundance; and the more a person consumes of it in greasing his hair, the more is he held in consideration and esteem. You can judge from this of the state of the head of the prince and his officers; then imagine the sun of Africa falling upon this butter and making it flow, and you will be able to comprehend how I must have felt to see my hat circulate among those Abyssinian heads, however honorable they may have been."*

Such is now the land where historians tell us a refined taste, and all the luxuries of wealth once abounded. This people, who were once so famous for a flourishing state of architecture, were overpowered with amazement at the sight of a two storied house, which Father Paez, in the seventeenth century, erected for Susneios their monarch. "Men," says the author of the 'Highlands of Ethiopia,' "flocked from the remotest parts of the country to gaze on a fabric of stone which was considered one of the wonders of the world."

But Abyssinia has another story more doleful far than this of the decay of her worldly grandeur: we allude to the history of her rise and fall in Christian knowledge. If any one would wish to know how important is Catholic unity to the political as well as the spiritual welfare of mankind, let him look at the downward tendency of religion and politics in Abyssinia from the time she suffered herself to be distracted by the monophysite heresy to the present day. Her religion, once pure and holy, has degenerated into a compound of Pagan, Jewish, Turkish and Christian. In its leading characteristics, it is indeed Christian, but sadly changed from that which was propagated by the zeal of Frumentius.

"The small portion of good," says the author of the 'Highlands of Ethiopia,' "which does exist in Abyssinia, may be justly ascribed to the remains of the wreck of Christianity, which though stranded on a rocky shore, and buffeted by the storms of ages, is not yet wholly overwhelmed; and from the present degradation of the people averring its tenets, may be inferred the lesson of the total inefficacy of its forms and profession, if unsupported by enough of mental culture to enable its spirit and its truths to take root in the heart and bear fruit in the character of the barbarian."*

We have quoted this extract from a Protestant writer, not that we concur in all it expresses; for the author, taking but a human view of religion, substitutes "mental culture" for grace, and speaks of the spurious Christianity of Abyssinia as an argument under certain circumstances against the efficacy of true Christianity. If in speaking of Christian "tenets" the author means such as are held by Protestants, we have nothing to say against his speculation, for they lead to all the absurdities of doctrine which the Abyssinians possess and practise. In this view his testimony is quoted by us, as showing the importance of that Christian unity the loss of which we have to deplore in Abyssinia. It is strange indeed that a Protestant, who

* Annals of the Faith, vol. ii, pp. 349-50.

* Highlands of Abyssinia, chap. cx.

accords to every individual the right of deciding for himself what are Christian "tenets," and who no doubt claims the right to fashion for himself his own Christian theories, should talk about "the remains of the wreck of Christianity." What is Protestantism but the separation of Christianity into fragments, of which each man takes what share he pleases, and reconstructs a religion which, in one instance, is Shaking Quakerism, in another Millerism, in another, and not the most absurd, Abyssinianism. The only "mental culture" necessary to keep us in the path of true Christianity, is obedience to authority; when that is once departed from we see how the learned European, not less than the unlettered Ethiopian, plunges into the most ludicrous absurdities in matters of religion. Nay, such good Protestants are these Abyssinians in the estimation of the Protestant missionary now in that country, that "he pays court to the priests and follows with exactness the practices of their religion."* This fraternization of the Abyssinian priest and the Protestant church missionary, is evidence of the near affinities which all errors, even the plausible and the gross, have for each other, and shows how all heresies have at least one common tie, which is hatred for Catholicity. It is in this spirit that Dr. Durbin, in his "Observations in the East,"† seems to enchant himself with the prospect of a future union of Protestants and Jews in a war against the teaching of Rome, and seems not to revolt even from the bloody aid of the Druses.‡ Till the broaching of the monophysite heresy, Abyssinia had preserved consistency of faith and obedience to the holy see; her absurdities of religion and her political infirmities begin with the loss of Catholic unity and the adoption of the Protestant principle of independent thinking, which leads to error and even infidelity. If the Abyssinians, like the eunuch of their Queen Candace, had confessed their ignorance, asked like him for a proper expounder of truth, and submitted to his teachings, they would not now be the theme of pity and ridicule. No people were ever more directly warned to avoid the danger of private interpretation of the Scriptures, and shown the necessity of submitting to the authority of the church, than were these same Abyssinians in the person of the favored eunuch.

"And an angel of the Lord spoke to Philip, saying: Arise and go towards the south, to the way that goeth down from Jerusalem to Gaza: this is desert. And rising up, he went. And, behold, a man of Ethiopia, a eunuch, of great authority under Candace queen of the Ethiopians, who had charge over all her treasures, had come to Jerusalem to adore: And he was returning, sitting on his chariot, and reading Isaias the prophet. And the Spirit said to Philip: Go near, and join thyself to that chariot. And Philip running thither, heard him reading the prophet Isaias; and he said: *Thinkest thou that thou understandest what thou readest?* And he said: *How can I, unless some one show me?* And he desired Philip to come up, and sit with him. And the place of the Scripture, which he read, was this: As a sheep he was led to the slaughter: and like a lamb without a voice before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth. In humility his judgment was taken away. Who shall declare his generation; for his life shall be taken away from the earth? And the eunuch, answering Philip, said: I beseech thee, of whom doth the prophet speak this? of himself, or of some other? And Philip, opening his mouth, and beginning at that Scripture, preached to him Jesus. And as they went on the way, they came to a certain water: and the eunuch saith: See, here is water: what hindereth me from being baptized? And Philip said: If thou believest with thy whole heart, thou mayest. And he answering, said: I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they both went down into the water, Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord took away Philip: and the eunuch saw him no more. And he went on his way rejoicing."*

* Dublin Review, No. xxxiii, p. 129.
† Vol. i, pp. 328, 343. ‡ Vol. ii, chap. x.

* Acts viii, 26-39.

One of the traditions of Abyssinia is that St. Matthew preached the Gospel in their country about the time that Candace their queen was converted to Christianity by the reasoning of her eunuch. This tradition, though generally questioned, is declared by a learned Jesuit to be entitled to full credit. Indeed it is most reasonable to suppose that one so specially favored by God as was this eunuch, who was filled with the Holy Ghost, must have burned with an apostolic desire to disseminate the knowledge of the Gospel. The fruits of his zeal, whatever they may have been, are unknown to posterity, and our first acquaintance with the details of Christian history in Abyssinia begins with the labors of St. Frumentius. The church honors him as the apostle of that country. Meropius of Tyre, the father of Frumentius, having in the beginning of the fourth century landed on the coast of Ethiopia, in the course of a commercial voyage in which he had embarked, was seized and put to death, and his two sons, Frumentius and Edesius, who accompanied him, were made prisoners and sold as slaves to the monarch of the country. The king soon grew pleased with the intelligence and ingenuousness of these youths, and so rapidly did they advance in favor and influence at court, that in a short time they came to be entrusted with offices of the highest honor and responsibility. Frumentius, never losing sight of his duties as a Christian, but cherishing in his bosom the flame of piety which his parents had enkindled, spared no pains to dispose the minds and hearts of the Abyssinians for a worthy reception of the truths of the Gospel. Upon the death of the monarch he was allowed to return to his native country, and while there revisited Alexandria, then under the episcopal jurisdiction of the great St. Athanasius. Anxious for the spiritual regeneration of the kingdom he had quitted, he sought in haste the presence of the holy bishop. He described to him the country he had left, the favorable dispositions of its people towards Christianity, and besought the saint to take active and speedy measures for its conversion. Athanasius rejoiced at what he heard, commended the pious enthusiasm of Frumentius, and judging him to be eminently fitted for the important trust, by his piety, intelligence and acquaintance with the country, consecrated him bishop of Abyssinia in the year of our Lord 331. St. Frumentius returned to the country of his adoption with all the aid he could collect, and succeeded in the year 341 in bringing it under the yoke of the Gospel.

In the early councils of the church, the Abyssinian bishop was entitled to a place of high distinction. He received his appointment from the see of Alexandria and followed that see in all its vicissitudes of doctrine. From this cause commenced the downfall of the faith, and the final and complete alienation of Abyssinia from Catholic unity. Dioscorus, patriarch of Alexandria, had attached himself to the heretical doctrines of Eutyches* and become his warm supporter. The schism of Dioscorus, which occurred in the fifth century, prevailed throughout Egypt and was carried thence to Abyssinia; yet it progressed with doubtful success in the latter country, and encountered unceasing opposition† till towards the close of the seventh century. So late as the beginning of the ninth century‡ the Coptic patriarch, appointed for the country by the schismatic see of Alexandria, met with a cold reception, and for some years was buffeted about his diocess; till at last his followers gained the ascendancy and he obtained a

* The Eutychian heresy was broached by Eutyches, a monk of Constantinople, who by a blind zeal against Nestorianism was led into an opposite error, contending that in Christ there was only one nature. This heresy was solemnly condemned in the council of Chalcedon, an. 451. The Eutychians were also called *Monophysites* and *Jacobites;* the former name being derived from the nature of their error, the latter from Jacob or James Zanzalus, bishop of Edessa, who was very active in disseminating the doctrine of Eutyches.

† Hist. gen. des Missions.

‡ Lettres Edif. vol. ii, Ed. Lyons, p. 319.

permanent footing in Abyssinia. From that time the Monophysite heresy was in the ascendant, and supplanted every vestige of the true faith. The Coptic creed with all its peculiarities prevailed, and the bishop under the title of Aboon was always consecrated by the schismatic patriarch of Alexandria. At this day Judaism is strongly commingled with the Christian rites of the Abyssinians. While they admit the seven sacraments, they circumcise as well as baptize; they keep the Jewish Sabbath holy, as well as the Sunday. Like the Jews they forbid altogether the eating of certain meats, and yet so far are they from reverencing the Jewish religion, that they are forbidden, under pain of excommunication and the refusal of Christian burial, from even dining with Jew, Pagan or Mussulman. They renew the ceremony of baptism every year, and after the manner of the Copts, confirm immediately after baptism. Communion is administered under both kinds. Infants receive it at baptism and again when they reach their eighth year, after which it is not administered till marriage, or until they enter a religious state and take the necessary vows. Their confession of sins is very imperfect and consists of a general accusation before a priest that they have been great sinners. The celibacy of the clergy is not insisted on, though highly encouraged by their religion. Those who have married *before* ordination are not required to put away their wives, but if the wife dies they cannot marry again. Such a thing as the marriage of a priest *after* ordination is unknown, though little can be said for the purity of morals among the priesthood. Monasteries are numerous, and some of the principal ones described by the author of "Highlands of Ethiopia" are beautifully situated in places fertile, picturesque and secluded. The intercession of saints, the doctrines of purgatory and the real presence are articles of their faith. According to some accounts, the Abyssinians attribute to the Blessed Virgin a mediatorial efficacy equal to that of her divine Son.* The ceremony of annual baptism, which is now general in Abyssinia, had its origin about three hundred years ago, and arose from the jealousy of the Aboon at the progress of Catholicity, and his anxiety to counteract the dreaded effects of a jubilee proclaimed by the Latin patriarch. The Dublin Review furnishes an extract upon the ceremony of annual baptisms from the work of M. Rochet, who witnessed its performance. The ceremony takes place on the 18th January of each year, which is the day on which the Abyssinians commemorate the baptism of Christ in the Jordan. When M. Rochet was present, about four thousand persons presented themselves to enjoy the benefit of immersion in the waters of the Tshatsha. The crowd collected on the banks of the river on the evening previous to the ceremony. From sun-down to three o'clock in the morning, when the baptism began, the priests kept the scene alive with their discordant chant. When the moment of immersion arrived, men, women and children threw themselves indiscriminately into the water and remained there some minutes, while the priests continued their prayers. They then dressed and gave each other the kiss of peace. At five in the morning the king arrived and took his baptismal bath in private. The ceremony over, he put himself at the head of the crowd and returned in procession to Angolalo. This gregarious style of baptism is nearly equalled by the lumping manner in which ecclesiastical orders were administered by their patriarch. Five or six hundred postulants were generally ordained at once. The Aboon first harangued them, then presented them a book to see if they knew how to read, and marking on the arm such as were accepted, they filed off before him. He then recited a prayer in the Coptic language, which was followed by other prayers and finally by

* According to the writer in the Dublin Review, this may be the opinion of individuals, but an opinion not sustained by the Abyssinian church.

his benediction. The candidates thus admitted to the priesthood were some blind, some lame, some naked, and some with countenances denoting the grossest stupidity and ignorance. After the ceremony of ordination, mass was celebrated, during which the Aboon administered the communion to the new priests. To this manner of conferring orders, the author of the "Highlands of Ethiopia" adds another, rather ludicrous and labor-saving in its character. Susa, a country south of Abyssinia, which has derived from its neighbors ideas of Christianity more absurd even than their own, was desirous of perpetuating its priesthood without journeying to another country for that purpose. To arrange this matter their "priests proceeded to Gondar, to the patriarch of Abyssinia, who blew the breath of the Holy Ghost into a leathern bag, which was safely conveyed back to Susa and hung up in the cathedral. Ecclesiastics in great numbers have since been ordained by the process of opening this bag and causing a puff to pass over the face." According to the same author, "there are more churches in Abyssinia than in any other part of the Christian world, and he who has erected one believes he has atoned for every sin."* The churches are built of wattle, plastered with mud, and only distinguishable from the miserable hovels around by a coat of whitewash. Their form is circular, with a conical thatch, whose apex is surmounted with a brass cross adorned with ostrich eggs. The same childish taste characterizes the interior. Sculpture is forbidden, and the paintings on the walls are mere daubs; from the rafters of the roof timbrels and crutches are suspended. Like the Jews, they divide their churches into three parts. The first compartment called the kene-mahelet is eight feet broad, and stretches like a corridor around the building. This is strewed with green rushes and is the scene of morning worship. Beyond this court, except on privileged occasions, laymen cannot pass. The second compartment is called Makdas, being the sanctuary in which the priests officiate, a corner of which is set apart for laymen during the administration of communion, while a cloth conceals the mysteries of the interior. The third compartment, styled the kedis-kedesin, is shrouded from the sight of the uninitiated. Behind its veil the sacrament of the altar is consecrated, sacred vessels are deposited, and the tremendous mysteries of the Tabot or Ark of the Covenant concealed. The gold of the foreigner has unlocked this ark, which contains nothing but a scroll of parchment with the name of the patron saint of the church.

* Highlands of Ethiopia, p. 254, Am. ed.

Many circumstances conspired, in the long interval between the sixth and sixteenth centuries, to isolate Abyssinia from the rest of the Christian world. The Mahomedans occupied the country between Europe and the Abyssinians, and their hatred and jealousy of the Christian name made it almost impossible to reach Abyssinia through their dominions. It was not till Vasco de Gama, the renowned Portuguese navigator, had discovered a passage to the east round the Cape of Good Hope, that access to this people could be easily effected. There was an obscure tradition of a Prester John, who ruled over a Christian country in the remote parts of Asia or Africa, and these navigators hoped in the course of their voyages to realize this legend of their country, and believed they had done so, when by way of Goa they discovered this isolated race of Christians. Helena, the regent of Abyssinia during the minority of her son, afraid of the proximity of the Saracens, sent an ambassador to Albuquerque, viceroy of India, which was followed by an embassy from the king of Portugal. In 1499 Pedro Covilham was presented to the court of Abyssinia, where he was received with honor. He succeeded in establishing a friendly intercourse between the two countries, which continued in uninterrupted harmony for forty

years. Ambassadors appeared at Lisbon from the court of Abyssinia, and a good feeling was engendered between the two nations, advantageous to both. About this time the victorious arms of the Mussulman were spreading desolation over the vast region of Ethiopia, and nothing saved the "remains of the wreck of Christianity" from the tempest of Islamism but the timely aid of the Portuguese allies. Christopher de Gama, son of the celebrated Vasco, and leader of his countrymen, lost his life in the fierce struggle with the infidels. He was slain by the hand of Graan* "the left-handed," the heroic captain of the invading army, who was himself afterwards routed and slain by the victorious Portuguese. The part which the Portuguese took in this contest was dictated by their obligations to their ally and their sense of self-security, for had they been passive and the enemy prevailed in the contest, even though they might have been respected as neutrals, as "*Christian dogs*" the Turks would have exterminated them. In the contests between the schismatics and orthodox of the land which occurred in after years, the same alternative, extermination or resistance, often presented itself. That in such struggles, a good pastor would irresistibly sympathize with his flock, rejoice in their successes and grieve over their reverses, is too much in accordance with human nature to be doubted, and too creditable to humanity to be blamed. That the good missionaries were the promoters or cause of the religious strifes in Abyssinia, as asserted in the "Highlands of Ethiopia," and credited by a writer in the "Dublin Review," is not sustained by any of those high Catholic authorities who have written concerning this mission, and whose testimonies on such a subject should command from a Catholic as much credit at least, as the sneering account of a Protestant author. The celebrated work of Cretineau Joly, the Lettres Edifiantes, the Histoire Gènèrale des Missions, and the Histoire Ecclesiastique are all at variance with the "Dublin Review" and the "Highlands of Ethiopia." "It is not always just," says the writer in the Dublin Review,* "to pronounce upon the conduct of men in situations of difficulty, for we never can know the entire of the circumstances in which they were placed or the motives under which they acted." Nor is it fair, he might have added, to impute to men conduct which can only be traced to them through the dark medium of contempt for their religion; especially when their principles, motives, sacrifices and character are all antagonist to such imputations. If these rules, or either of them, had been followed as well as laid down, we think the writer in the Dublin Review would have acquired a more accurate perception and a juster appreciation of the character and conduct of the missionaries in Abyssinia in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The first missionaries who accompanied the Portuguese to Abyssinia were Fernandez, Mendez and Alvarez; after these, was Bermudez, who became the first patriarch of the country. All of these missionaries, according to Fontana,† were preceded nearly two centuries before by the Dominicans, who had acquired a knowledge of Abyssinia in their pilgrimages to the Holy Land, and had established a mission among its people which lasted for fifty years.‡ The memory of the doctrines taught by the Dominicans, it is probable, was not so entirely lost by the Abyssinians upon the arrival of the Portuguese, but that they retained some traces of the Catholic faith. Be this as it may, during the regency of Helena and the reign of her son David, Catholicity made considerable progress in Abyssinia. It was in the time of the latter that Bermudez, a skilful physician and favorite of the king, was named by Mark, the Aboon, as his successor to the patriarchate, and solicited by the king to accept the nomi-

* Highlands of Ethiopia.

* No. xxxiii, p. 119. † Monumenta Dominica.
‡ Hist. Gen. des Missions.

nation. He consented, on condition that he should receive his commission from the pope. This being assented to by David, Bermudez set out for and arrived at Rome, where he was duly appointed patriarch of Alexandria by Paul III, who then sat in the chair of St. Peter. From Rome Bermudez repaired to Lisbon, to procure from the king the succor which, by his treaty with Helena, he had promised to furnish her against the inroads of the Saracen. This was readily furnished by the Portuguese monarch, and his forces reached the Red Sea in time to check the ravages of the infidels, and establish securely on the throne Claudius, the son and successor of David. Having rid himself of the alarms occasioned by the inroads of the infidels, Claudius forgot his obligations to the Portuguese and the promises made to Bermudez by his father, and sent to Cairo to demand a schismatic patriarch. This evidence of his bad faith was not expected by Bermudez, who, on his return from Rome, demanded the fulfilment of the treaty made by David. Claudius denied the promises of his father, regarded the patriarch as only bishop of the Europeans, and opened a theological controversy with him, which induced Bermudez to compose a treatise, the reading of which made a deep impression on the monarch. In the meanwhile the schismatic patriarch arrived. The Abyssinians took part, some with the Catholic and some with the schismatic prelate. The king attached himself to the party opposed to Bermudez, and exiled him to the country of Gafat, where he thought he would certainly perish. After the lapse of seven months, however, Bermudez returned to court, but was advised to withdraw, lest the king should use violence towards him. In consequence of the displeasure of the monarch he went to Dobarwa, where he remained two years, after which with some difficulty he reached Goa. From Goa he returned to his native country, where the king received him honorably. He died at Lisbon, nineteen years after his return, and left an account of Abyssinia written in a simple style, and in a tone worthy of the faith.*

The character of Bermudez given in the Dublin Review is a distorted picture, which the writer has drawn from the statements of anti-catholic historians.—How Bermudez could have threatened *excommunication* against a prince not in communion with the church, is hard to explain. Still more at variance with truth is the idea, that Bermudez propounded any conditions to the monarch of his own mere motion. All he could have done would have been to ask in the name of the king of Portugal for the fulfilment of stipulations, solemnly entered into prior to the war with the infidels; but of this we see no mention in Catholic historians. While Bermudez, as we have shown, received such rough treatment at the hands of Claudius, by some strange contradiction that monarch requested John III of Portugal to obtain from the pope a Catholic patriarch and bishops for his country.† It was in consequence of this appeal, and after many delays and difficulties which we will hereafter detail, that Father Oviedo was sent to succeed Bermudez as the head of the missions of Abyssinia. Notwithstanding the rather ridiculous light in which Oviedo appears both in the "Highlands of Ethiopia" and the "Dublin Review," he was one of the most learned and brilliant missionaries in the annals of the Catholic church. If we could have found in Catholic histories any allusion to that bellicose spirit of Father Oviedo, which is so positively attributed to him by the author of the "Highlands of Ethiopia" and the writer in the Dublin Review, we are sure it would have been accounted for in a very different manner from what it is represented in either of those narrations. That Oviedo may have sympathised with his neophytes in the heat of a persecuting war is probable and natural; that he may have expressed the opinion that five hundred Portuguese soldiers could stay the

* Hist. Gen. des Miss. † Ibid.

strife and restore peace to the church is very possible, though the Catholic historians* are silent about his opinions or feelings on either point. There is nothing unwise or uncatholic, or in opposition to a high state of sanctity, in soliciting an armed intervention in behalf of a persecuted religion. England has, in our own day, afforded such assistance more than once, and so has France in the case of the persecuted Catholics of the Sandwich Islands, and yet the world has seen nothing unrighteous or shocking in the conduct of either power. But to give out as a historical fact, that Father Oviedo wished to evangelize the country by the power of the sword, is to reverse his true character and discredit every Catholic narrative of his life and conduct. Father Oviedo was a holy man, remarkable at all times for his great piety, profound learning, and mortified life. St. Ignatius, than whom no man ever had a more just perception of the fitness of those around him for the particular functions which he assigned them, selected Oviedo to preside over the college of Gandia, the first collegiate institution established by the Jesuits in Europe. In this responsible situation, Oviedo gave all the satisfaction which was anticipated from his rare endowments of mind and heart. Humble as he was learned, he imagined himself unfit for his station, and seeking a closer intimacy with his Maker, wished to banish himself from all society and become a hermit.

"Don Francis Borgia, the friend and protector of the disciples of Ignatius, placed great confidence in a Franciscan friar named John Texeda, whom he had known at Barcelona, and whom he brought with him to Gandia. This was a man of austere virtue, wholly devoted to solitude and contemplation; he lived at court as if he were in the desert. Father Andrew Oviedo, rector of the college of Gandia, was introduced to him by the duke: he contracted an intimate acquaintance with him, and gradually imbibed his sentiments. Oviedo became at last so enamored with solitude, that withdrawing himself from his brethren, he was wont to retire to a neighboring forest, that thus he might attend more perfectly to the exercises of an interior life. So far was he carried by this new spirit, as to ask leave of the general, to resign the government of the college, and reside five or six years in an hermitage. His object was to attain evangelical perfection by avoiding the dangerous occasions, which are inevitable in intercourse with the world.

"Ignatius, by his great talent in discerning the different sorts of spirits, and by his long experience in a spiritual life, soon perceived that the project of Oviedo was an illusion. He made this manifest to him, by showing him that when God has once marked out the way for us, we ought to continue in it, and not pass into any other, under the pretence that it is more secure than the one in which we are: that a solitary, no less than an apostolical life, has its dangers; that we ought not indeed on any account deliberately commit the slightest fault, but that we must not renounce the employments which charity imposes on us, through fear of the imperfections to which human frailty may expose us: and in fine, that nothing is more generous, than to sacrifice our repose and our feelings for the good of souls. Although Oviedo was enamored with his new idea, he no sooner received the answer of Ignatius, than he abandoned his design; and Don Francis himself, to whom Oviedo had communicated his project, profited likewise by the counsel of Ignatius."*

We look in vain in this Oviedo for the Oviedo of the "Highlands of Ethiopia" or the "Dublin Review," and yet they are identical in person, if not in character.

John III, king of Portugal, had for some time interested himself with the court of Rome to procure a successor to the Patriarch Bermudez. For a while the troubles of the church had been an obstacle to his success, and his object was not accomplished until the pontificate of Julius III, when it was thus effected.

He wrote to Ignatius, "and requested him to send the names of some of his society, whom he might propose to the

* Hist. Gen. des Missions. Hist. Ecclesiastique. Lettres Edifiantes.

* Life of St. Ignatius, pp. 282, 283.

pope for patriarch and bishops of Abyssinia. These high sounding titles, at first startled the humility of Ignatius; but reflecting that such a patriarchate and bishoprics were rather crosses than dignities; and that so extraordinary a case could not establish a precedent, he consented to all that the king required of him. He named to him three fathers of eminent learning and virtue; these were John Nugnez, Andrew Oviedo, and Melchior Carnero. He did not decide which of them should be patriarch, although he desired that Nugnez, whom he particularly recommended, might be selected for that dignity. He suggested that in case of necessity, the bishops might succeed the patriarch.

"Nugnez had been, for many years, employed in Africa, in redeeming slaves, and converting renegades. He was then at Lisbon, whither he had come to procure money to redeem those Christians, whom the king of Algiers had taken from the king of Fez, when he expelled the latter from his kingdom. At the first intimation of his intended promotion, Nugnez wrote to Rome and earnestly entreated Ignatius to prevent it. He said, that he did not refuse the mission to Ethiopia, but that he did not wish to go thither as a bishop; rather than which he would willingly spend his days in chains among the Barbary slaves. He besought him, by the precious wounds of our crucified Saviour, to have regard to his weakness, and not to charge him with a load, that might be the cause of his ruin. He added, that if the general would not relent, he should at least send him the expression of his will in writing, which might console and sustain him in his trials. Carnero, who was then at Rome, and Oviedo, who was called thither from Naples, made no less resistance, and wished to plead their own cause before the pope. Painful as their proposed dignities were, in themselves, they seemed to them more illustrious than laborious; and this circumstance filled them with a great repugnance for them. Ignatius had other thoughts, although he praised their modesty, and was pleased to see that it was necessary for the vicar of Jesus Christ to give an absolute command to his three disciples on this occasion. He showed them, however, that all the honor of the dignities consisted in great labors, continual dangers by land and sea, in poverty, and, probably, in martyrdom. Julius III was much pleased with his conduct on this occasion, and said, in the presence of all the cardinals, that it might now be seen what the Jesuits sought in this world, since they refused mitres that were rather splendid than burdensome, and accepted those which had no other attractions than labors and sufferings."*

In March, 1555, these holy missionaries set out upon their thankless errand accompanied by ten other prelates. They touched at Goa and remained there, while one of their party, Gonsales Roderiguez, was despatched to Ethiopia to acquaint himself with the situation of the country and the disposition of the people. His report, upon his return to Goa, was any thing but favorable. Claudius, the monarch of the country, who, through John III, had asked for Catholic patriarchs and bishops, had been again so far operated on by the schismatics of the country as to falter in his good purposes and prefer his interest to his duty. They had represented to him, that the Jesuits were only the pioneers of European invasion. They had made him believe, that by receiving them, he would become, like the neighboring kings, the vassal of Portugal, and that the Catholic religion justified all kinds of spoliations. These artful insinuations had their effect upon the mind of Claudius; his distrust was excited; and he dismissed Gonsales with a letter to King John, after receiving from him in council an explanation of the leading dogmas of the Catholic religion. Gonsales reached Goa greatly discouraged; after hearing his account, most of the party considered the mission to Abyssinia as hopeless, and the attempt to enter the country as a subject to be abandoned. Not so however Father Oviedo; he gloried in difficulties and sighed for martyrdom, and was determined not to surrender his trust so readily. Burning with zeal for the conversion of the country, in the face of the gloomy report of his precursor Gonsales, and amid the fearful forebodings of his friends, he departed for Abyssinia. Upon reaching the country he repaired at once to the court of Claudius and offered

* Life of St. Ignatius, pp. 336–8.

to discuss the truths of religion with the most renowned of the schismatic doctors. Claudius, as remarkable for a knowledge of right and justice as he was for the instability of his character, granted to Oviedo, with the privilege of celebrating the holy offices, the conference for which he asked. He consented also to assist at the discussion, but gave the holy man to understand at the same time, that he need not hope to convert him, as by submitting to the authority of the holy see, he would expose his throne to intestine commotions which he had not the ability to stem or overcome. Thus did Father Oviedo find himself placed between an irresolute prince and a band of schismatic priests whose interest made them seek to exclude him from the country. Utterly regardless of the dangers that surrounded him, he clung to his mission, exposing the sophistries of the schismatics and confounding the Jews and Mahomedans. After two years of his labors had elapsed, Claudius was killed in an engagement with the Saracens, and his brother Adamas succeeded to his throne. Adamas, who was educated among the Turks, was a sworn foe to the Christians. Claudius had tolerated the Catholics, but Adamas determined to harass them with unmitigated cruelties. Father Oviedo with his companions was forced to the mountains and caves, where they suffered unparalleled privations. While in his gloomy exile, many miracles* were ascribed to his prayers. At his intercession, he and his starving colleagues were miraculously fed and their burning thirst relieved. Upon one occasion the empress, who in the course of an excursion had traversed the region of their exile, was attracted to a cavern in which Oviedo and his companions were sheltered, by a miraculous light which filled and encompassed their retreat. She was deeply moved at this circumstance, and through her influence Father Oviedo was soon after permitted to return to court. He appeared before the monarch, who in a peremptory manner commanded him to desist from preaching the Catholic faith. To this the holy bishop replied, "It is better to obey God than man." These words so exasperated the sovereign, that he drew his sword to kill the holy man. Oviedo, courting martyrdom, stood undismayed by the tyrant's assault, while the empress to save him threw herself at the monarch's feet. The monarch stifled his wrath, and the saintly Oviedo escaped from the fury of the prince only to be spared for more painful trials and sufferings. An organized persecution was now raised against the Catholics: they were hunted and driven from the cities, and sought safety in solitary hiding places, and were made to endure all kinds of punishments which a refined cruelty could devise. Oviedo and his companions were exiled to a desert; a severer fate would have overtaken them, but for the dread which the Portuguese name inspired. This desert however was made a real prison by the hate of the schismatics, who guarded all its passes and suffered nothing to go into or come out from its dreary confines. The venerable Patriarch Nunez Baretto died at Goa in 1564, and Father Oviedo was summoned to replace him. He could not find means to obey the summons. Escape from the desert in which he was caged was impossible, yet he bore his trials with joy and continued to add new conquests to the yoke of his master. Hemmed in as he was in an inhospitable region, threatened with slavery on one side and death on the other, he scoured the desert to which his zeal was now circumscribed, carrying to the negroes that sparsely peopled its extent the knowledge of the true God. He comforted these destitute beings in their sorrows, encouraged them in their toils, and strengthened them in their piety by his own example of patience and resignation. A Jesuit who was sent out to inquire into the fate of Oviedo and his companions, was seized by the Saracens and sold into slavery. The sovereign pontiff heard of the sufferings and privations of the patri-

* Lettres Edifiantes.

arch. He grieved over this new species of martyrdom to which the apostolic man was doomed. Appreciating his rare capacity as a missionary, and believing that his zeal and talents would be better rewarded in another field of spiritual labor, his holiness ordered him to abandon Abyssinia and repair to the missions of China and Japan. There were no means of obeying the supreme pontiff. The patriarch was besieged without the hope of escape: he suffered for bread to eat, for water to drink, for clothing to shelter him from a pestilential climate; to answer the pope he was obliged to tear scraps of paper from the margin of his breviary and piece them together. By this contrivance he made a small sheet on which he wrote as follows: "I know not, most holy father, any means of escape, the Mahomedans surround us on all sides. But lately they have killed Andrew Gualdamez, one of our company. But whatever tribulations are destined for us, I desire most ardently to remain on this ungrateful soil, to suffer and die for Jesus Christ." Those who copying Protestant writers misrepresent Oviedo as a "military apostle," are equally fanciful about his last days, which they place at "HIS monastery of St. Francis Xavier at Goa." He died in the odor of sanctity at Fromena,* about three leagues from Axum. "His extreme poverty, the persecutions which he suffered with an invincible patience, his charity, the frequent miracles which God granted at his intercession, commanded the greatest veneration from schismatics as well as Catholics. After his death, his tomb was honored by all classes. The cures and conversions which were made at his grave, caused him to be regarded as a marvellous man, whose spirit lingered on earth to increase and perpetuate his apostolic successes." Throughout his missionary career, Father Oviedo had to struggle against the severest difficulties and most disheartening opposition. Yet he bore up against all obstacles, and though at his death the country was pertinaciously schismatic, numbers had been brought over by his zeal to the knowledge of the truth.

Great were the sacrifices and sufferings which had to be encountered by the devoted disciples of St. Ignatius before they could again obtain an entrance or a foothold in Abyssinia. The fate of Father Oviedo did not appal them. Father Peter Paez and his companions, attempted to reach the country in the disguise of Arménian merchants, but were wrecked upon the Arabian coast, and being recognised as Christian priests, were thrown into a dungeon where they languished seven years. While these devoted fathers were thus immured, Goa sent forth new missionaries on the same errand of mercy. De Georgis and Baptiste set out for Abyssinia, but like their predecessors fell into the hands of the Turks, and refusing to renounce their faith, they suffered martyrdom. These last were followed by Melchior Sylva, a converted Brahmin, whose Asiatic complexion and knowledge of the Arábic tongue, passed him without suspicion through the Saracen tribes, and enabled him to reach in safety the theatre of his labors. It would seem indeed that the memory of the good works of Oviedo and his companions had survived their sufferings and disappointments; for Sylva was favorably received, and sent home most encouraging accounts of the dispositions of the people. Sylva was soon joined by Father Peter Paez, who had been ransomed from the Saracens by his company, and who brought with him to his new mission several of his order. Upon his arrival he became the head of the mission, and having established himself at Maguigua, commenced his labors by opening schools. Such was the progress of his pupils, that the sages of Gondar were surprised at their wisdom, and no less astonished at the skill of him who could inspire young minds with knowledge so far beyond what was expected from their years. The proficiency of the pupils spread the fame of the preceptor

* Hist. Gen. des Miss. Lettres Edif.

far and wide, and Father Paez was sought after by men of all degrees. The monarch among the rest asked to see him, and was so fascinated with the missionary, that his conversion as well as that of many of his nobles was the happy result of the audience. After the king had embraced the truth, his zeal for its diffusion exceeded all bounds. In spite of the advice and remonstrances of Father Paez, he decreed that all his subjects should embrace the religion taught by the missionaries. The consequence of the attempt to enforce this law was a civil war in which the monarch perished. Susneois who succeeded to the throne was also a Catholic, but profiting by the experience of the past, and the advice of Father Paez, he practised moderation, and succeeded in appeasing the sedition of his subjects, and by way of sanctifying the success of his administration, he solicited a Latin patriarch for the Catholics of Ethiopia. From this time the name of Father Paez ceases to be so prominent in the pages of Abyssinian history, but we know that to the last moment of his life he was a zealous missionary, and was dearly beloved by monarch and people. So dear to the last was Father Paez to the emperor, that he became immoderate in his grief when he heard of his death. To his courtiers who would have consoled him he turned a deaf ear. "Talk not to me," said he, "of moderating my grief, I have lost a most faithful friend—I have lost a father. The sun that dispelled the darkness of Ethiopia is eclipsed—never more shall we see this model of penitence, of devotion, of humility."*

But while religion pays a willing tribute to the virtues and spiritual conquests of Paez, science should also come forth and render him the homage of its sincere acknowledgments. To Father Paez belongs the honor of having been the first to discover that secret of ages, which so many eminent nations had looked for in vain—the *sources of the Nile.* Vosgien, in his Geographical Dictionary, confirms all that the Jesuits assert of the discovery of the sources of the Nile by Father Paez. This discovery occurred in 1618, in the course of an expedition made by the emperor of Ethiopia into the kingdom of Gojam.* Father Paez accompanied the army, which encamped in the territory of Sacala near a mountain, which seemed small in comparison with the loftier ones around it. The learned father, while in this encampment, to use his own words in writing of this matter, says, "My eyes were busily engaged in surveying all the objects around me. I perceived two springs of circular shape, one of which was about four palms in diameter. I cannot describe the excess of my joy in contemplating that, which Cyrus, which Cambyses, which Julius Cæsar had so ardently yet so vainly desired to know. These springs never overflow, because their waters starting as it were with an inclination, escape with impetuosity to the foot of the mountain. The people of the neighborhood assured me, that as the year had been extremely dry, the mountain had in consequence become agitated, and sometimes had quaked with such violence that none of them had recently ventured to approach it, without a sense of great danger." The emperor and people of Gojam saw nothing in these phenomena of nature, but ordinary occurrences; but Father Paez attempted to fathom the mystery that revealed itself to his sight. He followed the stream through its many windings, through the foam and spray of its widening waters he clambered along the rocks, till he reached a point which established beyond doubt that he had found the springs that gave birth to the mighty Nile.

In 1625 Father Alphonso Mendez, in compliance with the request of the monarch—having been raised to the dignity of patriarch—arrived in Abyssinia and entered at once upon the dangerous duties of his station. The character of this pre-

* Lettres Edif. p. 330.

* J. Cretineau Joly, Hist. de la Comp. de Jesus.

late, like that of most of his predecessors, has been entirely mis-stated by those who have trusted to Protestant sources of information. By such he is pronounced unequal to his station, to have acted under the impulse of a restless and fiery enthusiasm, to have fulminated excommunications without number, and to have been responsible by his intolerant zeal for the civil wars which occurred in Abyssinia during his patriarchate. How different an estimate does not the distinguished historian of the company of Jesus, as well as other Catholic writers, put upon the character of Mendez?

"The Jesuit Patriarch Mendez, was *a man of conciliation*, who did not wish to jeopardize the future of that church which had so often been reddened by the blood of his brothers in the apostolate. The Abyssinians had accepted the Catholic religion; they had submitted to the vicar of Jesus Christ; they had suffered the discipline and the rites of the church to be gradually introduced among them. But a fire was concealed under the ashes. Basilides, the emperor's son, and Sarsachristos, viceroy of Gojam, entered into a conspiracy to overthrow the worship which Mendez and the Jesuits had sought to establish."*

These conspirators succeeded in creating a civil war, in which, after an obstinate struggle, they were routed. Yet on the battle field, the officers who had fought by the monarch's side and risked their lives in his cause, importuned him to yield to the wishes of the vanquished. To these importunities, which were respectful, were added innumerable charges by others, against the Jesuits. Crimes the most inexcusable were imputed to them. The Jesuits, says Joly, who were accused in China of tolerating idolatrous rites, were denounced in Abyssinia for seeking to do away with the usage of circumcision, the observance of the Jewish Sabbath, and a plurality of wives. The monarch so far yielded to the importunities of the schismatics, as to ordain that the dispute should be settled by a vote of the people. The neophytes were driven from the assembly without being allowed to participate in the vote; they were proscribed without being heard in their own defence. This outrage upon their feelings created a tremendous excitement throughout the country. The faithful talked freely of resistance and insurrection. Father Mendez and the other Jesuits were suspected of fomenting the sedition. The schismatics encouraged the people in these suspicions, and by their influence succeeded in exiling the fathers. The emperor discovered, when too late, that he had opened the door to endless calamities. He cursed his weakness and felt that the hand of death was upon him: he wished to die in the bosom of the church, and father Diègo de Matos hastened to him to console him with its last sad offices; he expired after receiving them, on the 26th September, 1632. Basilides his son succeeded him under the name of Seghed II. He was a cruel prince, who destroyed by the sword and poison his twenty-five brothers, and drove his uncle, whom he feared, to the desert. During his reign the Catholics suffered many and bitter persecutions: exile, slavery and death were their daily doom, till at last none were left to tell the story of their wrongs, except some few native priests who had been formed for the ministry by the exertions of the Jesuits. One of these native priests—Bernard Noguiera, the vicar of the Patriarch Mendez—mourning over the desolation of the Abyssinian church, made a most affecting appeal to Christendom for succor and relief.

"My companions," he says in the conclusion of this appeal, "are no longer any thing but animated skeletons. They have been dragged to prison and scourged. Their skin falls off from their sufferings; and if they are not already dead they are enduring every thing which is most painful in the most extreme poverty."*

This letter, so eloquent with grief, would have reawakened the zeal of the Patriarch Mendez, if it had undergone any diminution; but the Jesuit, having

* J. Cretineau-Joly, Hist. de La Comp. de Jesus.

* Hist. de la Comp de Jesus. Cret. Joly.

his eyes always fixed upon his desolated church, had never consented to withdraw himself from the Indies. He hoped that Ethiopia would be at length opened to his last days, as a palm reserved for his ambition of martyrdom; but he died without being able to attain his desire. Thus the country of Ethiopia closed itself against the Jesuits, although they were afterwards seen at different intervals attempting to force an entrance. Supported by the influence of Louis XIV, an effort was made in the year 1700 to gain access to the country. M. Poncet, a French physician residing at Cairo, whose reputation had reached Abyssinia, was invited by its monarch, who was afflicted with a tedious sickness, to visit his court and attempt his cure. Poncet had arranged to take with him Father Brevedent in the disguise of a servant. Unfortunately Father Brevedent died in the midst of the desert from the fatigue of the journey. In 1714 the Abyssinian mission was entrusted to the Franciscan order, but it failed, and no other attempt was made to reclaim the country from its errors until this our own day and generation. At this time the Lazarists have undertaken the spiritual regeneration of the country, and Fathers Jacobis, Montuosi and others of that zealous order are laboring for the conversion of Abyssinia with flattering prospects and well-founded hopes of ultimate success. We are particularly struck with those remarks in the communication of Father Jacobis to his friends in Europe, which relate to the calamities which befell the early Catholic missions in Abyssinia, and the causes which produced them. These remarks are entirely at variance with the views of the author of the "Highlands of Ethiopia" and those of the writer in the Dublin Review; but at the same time are so much more rational, so much more in accordance with the accounts of the approved Catholic historians who have written on the subject, that an impartial reader cannot hesitate to give them his entire preference.

"The Jesuits first," says Father Jacobis, "and the Franciscans who came after them, found themselves in turn protected or proscribed, according as the throne was occupied by wise kings or tyrants, by Atznat, Seghed and Susneois, the most accomplished princes that ever reigned in Axum; or by Facilidas, the executioner of his subjects. But it must be acknowledged that the heretical monks ought to bear the chief responsibility of our disasters, and that their fanaticism, heretofore all-powerful over error-led minds, has always had a greater share in the revolutions than even the character of the people."

The first years of the mission of Father Jacobis in Abyssinia were very unpromising; the greatest caution had to be observed to lull the prejudices of the natives and prepare them for feelings of toleration towards the true faith which had so often experienced at their hands such remorseless persecution. Father Montuosi, writing from that country in 1840 to his friends in Europe, gives us some idea of the difficulties which the missionaries had to encounter in the beginning of their labors.

"The heretic Abyssinians exercise, as you are aware, the most extreme rigor against those who come to recall them to the pure Gospel which their fathers abjured. The Mahomedans have here more freedom than the Christians. Father Jacobis and I were obliged to recite our office in a low voice, so that we could not be overheard; we seldom celebrated mass, and whenever we did, it was always secretly, with closed doors, as if in the catecombs. Had we taken more courage, we should have immediately raised up against us the suspicious heretics who inhabit the town.

"These dispositions have dissuaded us from concentrating upon Aduah the labors of our apostleship. It appeared to us more prudent to scatter our little company over different points of Abyssinia; for, though we should be useless in this city, we might have the hope of succeeding in some other. Father Jacobis has selected Aduah as his residence; he will be able from this station to correspond easily with Massuak, and to receive sooner whatever may be sent us from Europe: Scios is confided to the zeal of Father Sapito; and my lot is Gondar, the capital whence have

issued at different epochs so many bloody edicts against the Catholic missionaries."*

Two years after this we find Father Jacobis so far advanced in the favor and confidence of the Abyssinians as to be able to prevail on a deputation of these schismatics to accompany him to the city of Rome.

In conducting these strangers to the feet of the holy father, the zealous missionary had in view to exalt their ideas of Catholicity, and by means of the emotions they could not fail to experience in the capital of the Christian world, to prepare their minds for the reception of the seed of truth, which in due time would produce good fruit. The hopes of Father Jacobis, in this respect, have not been disappointed. All the members of the deputation, amongst whom were several relatives of the king and high officers of his court, are disposed to embrace the truth and become its apostles in the bosom of their families. Captains Galinier and Ferret, of the French staff, have given a narrative of the return of Father Jacobis and the deputation to Abyssinia, which may not be unacceptable to our readers.

"The Reverend Mr. Jacobis arrived in Abyssinia at the moment that anarchy reigned throughout the country, in consequence of the defeat, at the battle of Devra-Tabor, of Ubié king of Tigré. The way which leads from Massouah to Adoua, was exposed to the greatest dangers, and all the travellers who, at that period, had the boldness to enter Tigré, have been robbed or dearly ransomed. Notwithstanding this unhappy state of things, Mr. Jacobis did not fear to return to his post, and all the revolted chiefs that he met on his way, treated him with the greatest respect. All his former domestics, and a great number of the inhabitants of Adoua, went out to meet him, and received him as a father, whom they were glad to see again after so long an absence.

"The journey of Mr. Jacobis to Rome has already produced its fruits. The Abyssinians who accompanied him are Catholics through conviction, and they fear not to say so to their countrymen. They have the greatest veneration for the holy father, and they imagine that they saw in him something *superhuman*. Formerly the Abyssinians thought that there were no true Christians except in Abyssinia: but those who have lately seen Rome, have discovered their error. The *Alaca-Apte-Selassi** (slave of the Trinity) said, on leaving us, 'The sun shines in your country, but Abyssinia is still in darkness: let us hope in God.' There was also with Mr. Jacobis a priest, who has so great a reputation of sanctity in the country, that the Abyssinians take his words for oracles.

"The king, Ubié, has the greatest esteem for Mr. Jacobis, and is most grateful to him for having had the kindness to protect the Abyssinians who went in search of the *Abouna*, and particularly for having had the *Alaca-Apte-Selassi*, who is his friend and minister, treated with distinction in the country of the whites. When we left Abyssinia, Ubié was in misfortune; notwithstanding which, he sent from the mountains of Semen a messenger to Mr. Jacobis, to congratulate him on his arrival, and to promise him that, if he should return to his kingdom, he would do his best to be of service to him.

"But although Ubié should not reascend his throne, Mr. Jacobis would not be, on that account, without protection. The most powerful chief of Tigré, Balgadara, nephew of Rassahlé Selassi, who knew, by reputation, the admirable missionary, has also sent to compliment him, and has offered him a place in his country, Vojjerat, giving him permission to build a church and to officiate according to his religion.

"Thus, whoever may be the prince that shall triumph in the struggle, the Catholic mission will be established in Abyssinia. We owe these happy results to the edifying conduct of our missionaries; but above all, to the inexhaustible goodness, to the generosity, to the zeal and ability of the Rev. Mr. Jacobis.

"For a long time we feared that the *Abouna* was an almost insurmountable obstacle to the progress of the Catholic religion. But having been dragged to the war by Ubié, he has been made prisoner, and has entered Gondar, after having lost much of his respect, and consequently of his importance. Wearied with the religious discussions of the Abyssinians, he has neglected nothing to become reconciled with the Europeans, and he has given them a very gracious reception.

* Annals of the Faith, vol. ii, pp. 347–8.

* Such is the name of the principal Abyssinian who was with Mr. Jacobis.

He has even rendered a valuable service to Mr. Mantouri, and has advised him to remain in Abyssinia, assuring that, even in matters of religion, he would agree more easily with him than with his own flock."*

In the same year (1842) in which this account was given, Father Jacobis writes a description of the progress of his mission, which gives us reason to hope that Catholicity is at last about to be established in Ethiopia on sure and lasting foundations.

"Every where favorable dispositions towards Catholicity begin to show themselves. The princes wish well to it; *Ubié*, himself, notwithstanding his cruelty, esteems and likes us; he knows of what utility our ministry may be to his country, and he assures us that he will have much pleasure in seeing us when once he shall be restored to the free possession of his states. *Balagada*, the governor of several provinces, takes a still greater interest in us: 'Come,' said he to us, 'come into the country that I govern, and you shall have complete freedom to preach the religion of which you are the apostles.' Similar sentiments are found in the heart of *Sala Salassie*, the wisest of the Ethiopian kings. At Gondar, *Rass* protects us; the *Iecche*, who is at the head of the monks, shows at present such an attachment for our worship, that he wished a short time ago to make, in the company of a Catholic, the double pilgrimage to Rome and Jerusalem. There is not one, even to the *Abouna*, who has not drawn near to us since his reverses: and I doubt not but that, with presents of some value, we might remove the remnant of hatred he bears us.

"Finally, if from the great you descend to the people, you will find them equally inclined towards Catholicity: the cause of it is no doubt to be found, on the one hand, in the example given to them in this regard by the powers to which they are subjected; but it is also to be attributed to the wonderful accounts related to them by their countrymen, the Abyssinians, brought by us to Rome. Moreover, under the impression of the recollections that they have brought back to their journey, these good neophytes go about repeating every where all that they know, and what they have seen of the pope, of the churches of Italy, and of the court of Naples, with its magnificence and its faith. At these pictures the people feel themselves transported with a religious enthusiasm; their prejudices give way to their admiration, and owing to these feelings Catholicity, formerly repudiated as the most criminal of heresies, now enjoys the same freedom as the other religions established in the country."*

* Annals of the Faith, vol. iv, pp. 49–51.

* Annals of the Faith, vol. v, p. 6.

For the U. S. C. Magazine.

THE WISDOM OF THE CHURCH IN HER FESTIVALS.*

Old mother church, blest is the child
Who heeds thy mandates wise and mild;
For to *her* guidance thou wast given
Whose counsels rule the courts of heaven.
She, who smiled on creation's birth
When the great God founded the earth,
And when he spread the azure sky
And lit the planets, still was by.

In the cold manger, when heaven's king
A mortal veil round him did fling,
And when on Calvary's hill he died,
And when he cast stern death aside,
And when unto th' astonished gaze
Of hundreds, 'mid the effulgent blaze
That shone around the heavenly host,
Christ, the ascending God, was lost;
To wisdom's care he gave his bride,
For she still lingered at his side.

And though wild tempests 'round have swept,
Her promise she has ever kept,
And e'er will keep—till the stars fall,
And heaven is rolled up as a scroll—
Till the bright sun grow black as night,
And the moon lave in blood her light—
Till the loud note warn earth, and sea,
And air, that time no more shall be:
Then 'mid the wreck sublimely grand
When all else perish, the church will stand
Arrayed in robes of dazzling light,
Safe in her guide's unfailing might,
Exulting in her blest reunion
With Christ—and the saints' dear communion.

God's church—oh ever wise and great,
Amid the rudest storms elate,
Always illumined by a light
Undimmed 'mid error's blackest night;
For in each counsel and decree
The promised star yet guided thee.
How rich thy sacramental streams,
How bright thy faith's undying beams;
Harmonious as the harps of heaven
Are all the precepts thou hast given.
How beautiful are all thy rays,
How grand thy round of festive days:

* Suggested by a discourse delivered by Very Rev. M. J. Spalding, D. D.

Adapted to all human wants,
For which the bosom fondly pants;
As cheering to the Christian's soul
As limpid streams that round him roll;
Varied and lovely to the eye
That wearies with monotony;
Spreading a type before our eyes
Of bliss that waits us in the skies.
First gentle winds our sad notes bear,
Now triumph swells upon the air—
Then wild the anguish of the strain,
For the dark tempest lowers again—
But soon the promised glory shines
And festive music round us twines.

Thus Advent, 'mid autumnal gloom,
When nature mourns o'er summer's tomb,
Reminds us, for four thousand years,
God's people wept with anxious tears
Amid misfortune's iron sway,
The promised—long expected day
When from their midst a mighty king
Messiah, God's great Son, should spring.

Thus, to commemorate their woes,
The church a veil of sadness throws
Around her altars—and her strain
In plaintive numbers mourns amain.
While all her children fast and pray
To fit them for the festal day,
When all the stars together sang
And the glad sky with echoes rang,
Honor and glory, peace and love
To man below and God above;
For ever on this Christmas morn
She hails with joy her Saviour born.

And though with triumph's bounding song,
With alleluias loud and long,
The faithful crowd around the manger
To hail their God—the infant stranger,
And though they richest offerings bring,
And hallowed incense round him fling,
Still the rude season's biting snows
That o'er the earth a mantle throws,
The wailing blast and tempest wild
Recall the sufferings of the child,
The lowly Jesus and that mother
Who gave us mortals such a brother.

And scarce the Christian's raptured ear
Has ceased this glorious chant to hear,
When his kind mother's anxious call
Bids him before his Maker fall,
Strew ashes on his prostrate head
For soon to death his God is led.

A solemn feast of grief he keeps,
Christ fasted—now *he* fasts and weeps;
Remembering 'twas for him his God
Bowed to the chastener's cruel rod.

Good Friday dawns—throughout the world,
The cross with bitter tears impearled,
Tells to the sinner's anxious eyes,
That for him now the Saviour dies.

In sable clad, and bending low
Beneath a heavy weight of woe,
The widowed church bewails her lord,
Her spouse, the heaven-descended word.
The trembling earth, the darkened sun
Told when the fearful deed was done;
And shall not she for whom he bled,
In anguish bow her drooping head?
From east and west, from south and north,
Long pent up sobs are bursting forth,
While lamentations wildly thrilling
With echoes earth's arched roof are filling.

Two days she mourns—but on the third
A pealing song of joy is heard;
Earth never heard the like before,
Nor will *we* ever hear it more,
Till to the ransomed world in heaven,
To praise the Lamb gold harps are given.
"The Saviour, Christ, is risen again,
Exult oh earth and heaving main,
And verdure, sleeping 'neath the tomb
Of winter, wake the loveliest bloom.
Spring out ye buds and blossoms bright,
Shine forth ye lovely stars of night,
Put on your richest robes ye woods,
Murmur soft music crystal floods,
Caress him sweetly gentle air,
Rich perfumes to his altars bear,
Till on the great ascension day
He flies to heaven from earth away."

Again the church, with trembling heart,
Sees mournfully her joys depart;
Just like the pale and flickering star
That fades 'mid ether's blue afar;
Hope's radiant beam sometimes illumes,
And now her faded beauty blooms,
Then wrapt in gloom, and wild with fears,
Her lovely cheek is bathed in tears,
Till on the glorious Pentecost,
The light of life, so nearly lost,
Pours out a limpid silvery tide,
And robes in light the mourning bride.

'Mid youthful summer this glad day
Points to the world—the only way

To heaven—and the sweet strain
Of alleluia swells again:
For Corpus Christi's grateful lay
Tells of the sad, yet glorious day,
When Christ, our dying souls to save,
For food his spotless body gave;
Sweet manna, more than angels' food,
The Saviour's body and his blood!
Send forth ye choirs your richest note,
Let incense 'round his altars float,
For God is there, th' incarnate Son,
Who for us endless bliss hath won.

And on and on it peals aloud,
Swelling aloft from cloud to cloud,
Till 'mid the summer's ripened glory
The blest Assumption tells the story,
How 'mid the sweetest minstrelsy
The virgin mother of the sky
Was borne by angel bands away,
To reign the queen of endless day.
Oh Mary! mother, kindly hear us,
And with a heavenly blessing cheer us.

But yet the triumph is not o'er,
The church exults still more and more,
For when the ripened fruits of earth
Are gathered 'round the cheerful hearth,
And when the golden tinted sheaf,
The bending bough and falling leaf,
Arouse the frugal rustic's care
To garner home his plenteous share,
'Tis then the church has e'er delighted
To hail the Feast of Saints united,
And to anticipate the morn
When to undying glory born,
With radiant face and rapturous song
Her children all, shall join the throng
Who stand before the risen Lamb,
Shouting hosannas to his name.

Then, stricken mother, the sweet child,
For whom you mourned with grief so wild,
Will cling about you fondly ever,
Never, oh never more to sever.
No grief, or tears, or parting word
In that bright home are ever heard,
But bliss like to a tranquil sea
Shall fill the soul eternally.

Thus wisdom teaches, and we bring
Our rich autumnal offering.
For near two thousand years she's taught us,
And many a brilliant gem has brought us;
Well has she borne of time the test,
And in her guidance truly blest,
The church will proudly stand when all
The kingdoms of the earth shall fall.

S. R. T.

THE CATHOLIC BRIDE,

OR, MORAL LETTERS ADDRESSED TO JULIA, DAUGHTER OF COUNT SOLARO DELLA MARGARITA, ON THE OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE TO COUNT EDUARDO DEMORRI DI CASTEL MAGNO.

Translated from the Italian, for this Magazine, by Charles Constantine Pise, D. D.

LETTER II.

From the Mother to her Daughter.

BELOVED JULIA,

VAIN should I attempt to find words adequate to express the affections, the deep and lively emotions, which I experience, as the day of your nuptials draws nigh, a day on which, quitting your paternal home, you will leave behind you sweet and tender reminiscences. In them I now console myself: and, in order to perpetuate the memory of them, while I commit them to writing, on the wings of airy thought I am transported back to the banks of the Manzanares, in the capital of the "Catholic kingdom," where you first saw the light of this passing world, and where my longing wish was accomplished to become a mother. Oh with what transport of joy, and thanksgiving to God, did I press you to my bosom, so lovely and precious a gift of heaven! But even then there was a mixture of uneasiness with my bliss; your person, indeed, was beautiful, but your soul was stained with the sin of our first parents; and while I could call you my child, I could not style you the child of God. Anxiously did I watch the entire night which preceded your regeneration: and I trembled until the instant when you were carried to the sacred font, where from the hands of the illustrious prelate* who was afterwards honored with the sacred purple, you received the sacrament of baptism and were brought back, an angel, to my arms. Who can tell the throbbings of my heart, and how beautiful faith made you to my eyes. A sister of the angels, a daughter of the Most High, destined to the bright spheres of paradise, I know not what hymn of gratitude and praise I entoned, but this I know, that hugging you to my heart, and raising on high my feeble arms, I offered you wholly to Him who gave you to me, and under his protection I placed you, imploring him to shower upon your head his copious benedictions, which have accompanied you thus far, and will, I cannot doubt, continue with you during your existence below.

The day of your baptism had not reached its meridian, before, disregarding my weakness, I nourished at the fountain of my own breasts that life which it had pleased God to bestow upon you: and I passed in the capacity of your nurse, the first sixteen months of your infancy. Sweet did my anxieties, cares, and sleepless nights appear; and sweet is the task at present, though ignorant of the language of the muses, to preserve their recollection.

Meanwhile new consolations were in store for me, whilst trying to impress on your infant mind the sublime truths of religion; the ancient story of our progenitors, the first notions most worthy and most necessary to be known; on which, forgetful of your natural vivacity, you hung as they dropt from my lips. You

* Monsignor Giustiniani archbishop of Tyre, nuncio of his Holiness near his Catholic majesty: since cardinal of the holy Roman church.

may perhaps yourself remember the tears I shed when, having attained your seventh year, we abandoned the land of your birth. That was a foreign land to me; but there, for the first time did you call me mother!

The long journey which brought us back to my country was full of anxiety: I feared it might have proved prejudicial to your tender age; but heaven preserved you, and here in Turin you have continued to be the object of my most pleasing cares. As you advanced in years, your mother's heart trembled for your life, for I beheld you ill and languid. But again heaven watched over your safety, we invoked its protection and your health was restored, and you were rendered still more precious because I had feared we should lose you. As years increased, my solicitude for your welfare and happiness increased in proportion; and convinced that these blessings are to be found in innocence alone, I shuddered at the snares of the perverse and deceitful world, I poured out a sea of tears, I shut you up in the asylum of the Ladies of the sacred heart of the Redeemer, caring nothing for my sacrifice when your interest and felicity were at stake. Within the precincts of those sacred retreats you passed the joyous days of childhood, ignorant of the wiles of the world, of its dangerous arts, and its poisonous delights. There you tasted the blessed sweets of virtue, of friendship, and admiring in your angelical guides the heroic sacrifices which they made for God's sake, you saw them never sad or deserted as they are reported by the world, but enjoying ineffable bliss, and anxious about nothing save the eternal recompense with which they are destined to be crowned.

With a heart glowing with religion and virtue you returned to your paternal roof rejoicing, and oh! with what rapture were you received! I said from that moment you were to be your mother's companion. . . . . But I was mistaken. Whilst enjoying with me the sacred tranquillity of home, God was preparing a blessed union for you; already are you affianced, and after a few more days you shall become a wife.

At this crisis my mind is agitated by a thousand emotions of grief and of joy, and I am almost unable to utter my sentiments. But no; I must speak and reason with you now, my darling daughter, and remind you of many a conversation which we have often prolonged till midnight; in which your ingenuous mind seemed rapt, and your tender heart was filled with interest. Then did I urge upon you—young and inexperienced maid—the most salutary reflections on the necessity of education, the priceless value of virtue, and the vanity of earthly things. Sometimes fixing our eyes on the starry firmament I essayed, but in vain, to give you an idea of the greatness, majesty, immensity, and omnipotence of Him who drew this universe out of nothing. I showed you the folly of the atheist, who rejects him, and the believer who does not serve him. I conjured you to invoke that heavenly Father, to love that eternal friend, to offer him the thoughts, affections, aspirations of your youthful heart; I entreated you to obey his precepts, not only those that require little sacrifice, but those also that are difficult to be fulfilled—to observe all, even at the cost of your life.

And of what did I not discourse, to teach you to love Him? Of his ineffable beauty, his admirable wisdom, his omnipotent power, and his infinite attributes: and if I could not succeed in speaking of them as I desired, it was because they are so incomprehensible and sublime that the language of the seraphim could not express them. I told you that he created you without any merit of yours, placed you in the hallowed pale of HIS church, gave you Christian parents,—and I related to you the virtues and qualities of your loving father. God favored you with a lively imagination to know him, a discerning mind to appreciate the excellent, the beautiful, the great, an ardent heart to

love him, and a pious disposition to obey his law. Upon you, moreover, he lavished temporal blessings: for you the rich harvests covered the fields, beauteous flowers adorned the meadows, and to you were poured out in abundant streams the pellucid fountains of education. And now is given to you a husband, selected by the providence of God from the eternal years, a youth worthy the beneficent giver, by his transcendent qualities and his noble soul. Oh, my dearest daughter! such multiplied favors call for your deepest gratitude. I know you have promised eternal fealty, and that promise will be inviolable. Is not God the perennial source of all good, has he not in his hands the treasures of the earth, can he not at his pleasure pour out upon the prevaricating children of Adam the vial of his wrath, or scatter in profusion his temporal blessings among his faithful servants? Consequently, even your own interest should induce you, my beloved Julia, to propitiate his favors by a life of devotion and faith. Oh foolish mortals! in your anxiety to procure riches, honors and happiness, how often do you not besiege the mansions of the great, who either will not or cannot grant what you demand! and you forget that duty by which you may be certain of obtaining, not vain and perishable wealth, and honors, and felicity, but an unspeakable and eternal "weight of glory."

Remember now those salutary considerations. Let not the sun beam in the breathing morning, nor fade in the misty horizon of the evening, without sending up the incense of prayer to his throne. Invoke him reverently in his temple, assist devoutly at the holy sacrifice, eagerly drink of the living waters of the sacrament, and let his divine word be sweeter to you than honey and the honey-comb. Look with abhorrence upon those who make a boast of insulting religion, ridiculing devotion, contemning the laws of God and of the church—laws which are not a heavy burden, but a yoke light and sweet, of infinite love. If you continue faithful to my instructions, my prophecy shall certainly come to pass: more numerous than the stars of heaven, or than the sands of the sea, shall the blessings of the Omnipotent descend upon you, O my dearest daughter: and the favors already received will be nothing in comparison with those which are yet in store for the consolation of your future existence.

The sweet subject of many a protracted discussion was she, who, mantled with the sun, crowned with stars, and treading on the moon, reigns the sovereign of the empyrean. Often did you yourself love to speak of her to me, and often did you press to my lips her image which hung on your neck, declaring that it was dearer to you than gems or precious stones, and glorying in the august appellation of the child of Mary, a title which though common to every true believer, belonged to you by a more special claim, as it was your blessing to be enrolled in the pious "congregation of the children of Mary." This was a cheering and delightful circumstance to me. For, I felt that if that benignant star would be propitious to you, the perils of life's tempestuous ocean would be safely encountered: I knew that to imitate an object so tenderly loved would be an easy and pleasant thing, and that virtue would appear the more lovely for having been practised by the immaculate queen of heaven. And of what sublime virtues is she not an example? How brilliantly did sanctity shine in her? Mary showed that it does not consist, as some appear to imagine, in bending prostrate at the foot of the altar, in being clad in sackcloth, girt with chains, or solitary and morose amid deserts and solitudes; but it is mild, cheerful, patient, social, intent on doing the will of the Most High, and in discharging with inviolable fidelity the duties of our state of life. If we contemplate Mary in her childhood, she is the model of incomparable innocence, incontaminate virginity, devoted to retirement and prayer. And when by the divine de-

cree she was chosen to be made the spouse of Joseph, we see her humble, affectionate, and obedient to her holy consort. O you who, in your childish days, imitated her in her retirement in the shade of the temple, and in the preservation of her spotless virtue, imitate her yet; happy if you walk in her blessed footsteps, by loving your husband, centering in him all the affections of your heart, and keeping for him the sweet accents of your lips. His happiness should form the object of your solicitudes; that should you procure him, no matter how great the sacrifice required. More sweet to him will you be, by sharing with him your joys; more meek, by dividing with him your troubles. Let your thoughts hold communion with his; encourage him to emulate the virtues of his ancestors, and exert his noble character in generous deeds; to prove his fidelity to the august prince who reigns, and be the zealous champion of his native land and of the ancient faith. Honor him as your head. Forget not that the woman was created subject to man, that obedience is the first of your obligations, that every wish of his should be sacred to you, and even should you seek as far as possible to anticipate his wishes. Did I not know the character of your husband, I would prescribe a limit to this counsel; but no wish of his will ever be contrary to the sacred cause of religion. Honor his mother, dearest Julia, and by your innocent mirth relieve the mourning of her widowhood: divide with her your household cares, reverently listen to her advice, imitate her example, and let all who appertain to your husband, either by blood or dependence, be the objects of your incessant care.

But, if Mary was an intemerate spouse, she was a mother, also; and the most blessed of mothers, the only one who by an unheard of prodigy knew how to unite the most glorious fecundity with the most immaculate virginity. And oh! the sublime examples of maternal love and maternal solicitude which she presents for our salutary instruction! If, at some future day, God should bestow on you the grace of becoming a mother, then will you remember the lessons which she, as such, imparts. The emotions of my soul, and my feeble health, prevent me from continuing. My pen seems wearied at the effort I have already made. But still, I have strength enough remaining to bid a tender adieu, to implore again for you the blessings of kind heaven, to express again my heartfelt hopes of the future, to conjure you never to be unmindful of the house of your parents, and to invoke upon your consort and yourself the copious blessings of heaven and of earth. Stretch out your hands to "strong things." By your industry your fields will become more productive, your vines more fruitful, your gardens more blooming, your affairs more prosperous. Take into your fingers the "needle and the spindle," shun idleness; let your lamp never be extinguished; let not the shadows of night interrupt your watchfulness. Thus your domestics shall not fear the heat of summer nor the cold of winter. Succor and console the miserable, the needy, the forsaken. Let your tongue distil accents of sweetness and wisdom. And while "fine linen and purple are the covering" of your person, "strength and beauty" will be the clothing of your soul. In your love and inviolable fidelity your husband's heart will tranquilly and securely rest, and you will be to him the harbinger of every good, if he sees in your feeble sex a manly soul. May your offspring be numerous, and may they surround the hearth of your generous consort, as the vine clings with its purple progeny to the tree that supports its branches. May they be a source of consolation to the church of their native land, and of Him who gave them birth. Cultivate with care those tender plants, and let them call you blessed. May your days be long and happy on the earth, and when this mortal life shall be drawing to its close, may a gentle smile, even to the end, play upon your lips, and

reveal to the standers-by, the contentment of your heart for having from your earliest youth cherished in your soul this memorable maxim of the wise man: "favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."*

Your most affectionate mother,

CAROLINA.

Turin, August 9th, 1845.

* Proverbs, ch. xxxi, v. 30.

HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE

ORDER OF OUR LADY OF CHARITY OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD:

THE MOTHER HOUSE OF THE CONGREGATION BEING AT ANGERS IN FRANCE.

No. 1.

For the U. S. C. Magazine.

THE religious institute of our Lady of Charity, for the permanent conversion of female penitents, was first established at Caen in Normandy, in the year 1641, by the Rev. Father Eudes, who devoted his talents and his whole life to the advantage of his neighbor. This holy servant of God, who had no other interest on earth than the glory of God and the salvation of souls, had, during the course of his laborious missions, the consolation to inspire a certain number of disorderly females with sincere desires of conversion.

Being fully persuaded that indigence had been the most ordinary source of their disorders, and that it was still the greatest obstacle to their perseverance in good, he employed all his efforts to procure them an asylum where they might be sheltered from misery and seduction. He likewise succeeded in animating several of his friends to take an interest in those unfortunate beings.

Some persons of known piety even received the penitents into their houses; but it was difficult for the latter to find there, whither necessity had led them, the examples, or at least the instructions necessary to strengthen them in the practice of virtue. These families, too, were apt to judge hastily and in an unfavorable manner of those women whose past conduct gave but too much ground for suspicion. It was also very embarrassing for a director to watch over a flock thus dispersed, and which he could not well conduct without obtaining the confidence of all the families that had been charitable enough to take charge of them.

These reflections made Father Eudes desire to assemble them all in one house. With the assistance of some persons of great virtue and fortune a building was rented for that purpose in 1641. Some pious ladies devoted themselves to the care of this establishment. The bishop consented that they should have a chapel in the house, for the celebration of the holy sacrifice of the mass and the administration of the sacraments;—a necessary precaution to prevent them from going out, and to guard against the dissipation always to be feared for persons, whose virtue is well secured only by being removed from the slightest occasions of sin. The pious founder, who was charged by the bishop with the spiritual and temporal conduct of the new community, often visited these poor penitents, gave them instructions on certain days, and neglected none of the means that he thought proper to console and confirm them in the way

of salvation. He also endeavored to procure for them, through the interest of his friends, the necessary means of support, being well persuaded, that, if the spirit of poverty contributes to maintain regularity in a religious house, too great indigence embarrasses superiors, disgusts inferiors, and generally ends in fatal consequences.

This house, though so inconsiderable in the commencement, gave birth to a most respectable and extensive religious order, now known under the name of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd. For three or four years it went on prosperously, yet Father Eudes and the ladies who governed it under his direction had but a vague idea of forming of it a religious house. The number of penitents increased daily, and the difficulty was not so much to keep good order and discipline amongst them, as to conciliate the persons who governed them. It had been necessary, at the beginning, to invest one of the ladies with authority to which all the other directresses were to be subject. One of them, whose age and liberality merited regard, was placed at the head of the infant asylum.

Her administration appeared at first completely satisfactory; but soon, alas! unfortunate differences sprung up between her and some of the other ladies, which boded much evil to the new establishment and even threatened it with entire destruction at its very birth. Father Eudes, deeply afflicted at the evil which he saw but too plainly, did every thing in his power to arrest its progress; but his expostulations were in vain. He was now more and more confirmed in his previous opinion, that, to carry on the establishment with permanent success, it would be necessary to commit it to the charge of some religious community entirely devoted to its interests, and bound together by the usual vows. It soon became necessary to act promptly on this opinion; for the refractory superioress had already succeeded in rendering most of the directresses dissatisfied, and in causing them to withdraw with herself from the establishment.

An incident so unexpected would have disconcerted any other than the pious founder. The only effect it had upon him, was to make him determine to execute more promptly the resolution he had taken to perfect this good work. He obtained letters patent from the French king, then Louis XIV, to establish in the town of Caen a religious community under the rule of St. Augustine, composed of two sorts of persons: the first, of those who, after having led a licentious life, would retire thither of their own free will, for some time, to reform their bad conduct; the second, of ladies of irreproachable morals, who were to confine themselves voluntarily in the institute, through the sole desire of serving God with more perfection, and of laboring to save the sinful souls confided to their care.

After this, it was necessary to obtain the sanction of the bishop of the diocess, who at first opposed the measure strongly, fearing that communication with these women might become pernicious to the religious ladies charged to watch over them. But the particular esteem he had for Father Eudes, and the great reliance he placed on his experience, at length tranquillized his mind upon these apprehensions; and divine Providence willing to preserve this good work, which was to produce at a later period so much good, raised up a subject capable of appreciating and corresponding with his views, in the person of Mother Frances Patin, a religious of the order of the Visitation. The Lord had disposed her in a wonderful manner to become an ornament to the religious state; for at the early age of twelve years she had made a vow of perpetual chastity, and she was in her family a model of every virtue.

She had successively filled the place of superioress in two houses of her order, and was actually mistress of novices, when the bishop ordered her to leave her house to go and form the new institute.

She obeyed and went to her new abode on the 10th of August, 1644, accompanied by three of her sisters, through the sole motive of obedience. The end that she proposed to herself in particular, was to form to the practices of the religious life those ladies who might desire to consecrate themselves wholly to God, for instructing and converting persons of their own sex. Here she lived for twenty-two years, always closely occupied in forming her pupils to the spirit of their vocation; and she succeeded so well, both by her words and good example, that she made of the most of her subjects able superiors, who afterwards founded new houses in different parts of France, and established in them that perfect regularity that has ever been preserved therein from the beginning to the present time. It was in this holy exercise that she passed to a better life on the 31st October, 1668, being 68 years of age.

As the new order of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd was approved by the church only twenty two years afterwards, the religious were not permitted to make any but simple vows. But to the three ordinary vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, they added a fourth, to labor constantly for the conversion of the abandoned of their own sex who might wish to repent and reform.

As we have already said, the religious followed the rule of the glorious St. Augustine; and their constitutions were almost all taken from those which St. Francis de Sales gave to his daughters of the Visitation. Father Eudes added only such as were necessary for the government of the penitents, which was, and still is, the particular end of this institute.

We have been allowed to copy a part of the first of their constitutions, such as they were approved by their holinesses, popes Alexander VII, Innocent XI, and Gregory XVI. It will, in a very few words, give us a just and adequate idea of their admirable vocation, as well as of the manner in which they were called on to fulfil it.

CONSTITUTION I.

"Of the end of this institute, and of the motives that ought to induce those who profess it to perform its functions with a good heart.

1. "As there are many mansions in the house of the celestial Father, in like manner there are also divers families on earth, and many different offices therein. Amongst these families are the religious congregations and communities, all which have their peculiar office and employment conformable to the special end for which they were instituted; for though they all have but one and the same end in general, which is to serve God and glorify him by the practice of the evangelical counsels, nevertheless they all prescribe to themselves a proper and peculiar end, according to the particular design of their founders.

2. "Such is the congregation of the religious of the Good Shepherd, whose general end, like that of all the other congregations which exist in the church, is to serve and honor God by the exact observance of the holy vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and by a perfect imitation of all the other virtues of our Lord and of his holy mother. But the proper and peculiar end of the religious of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, and that which distinguishes them from all the others, is to imitate, as far as they will be able by the help of the divine grace, the charity of the adorable heart of Jesus, son of Mary, and that of Mary, mother of Jesus, which are enkindled with zeal for the salvation of the souls created to the image and likeness of God, and redeemed by the precious blood of his Son. They exert themselves with all their hearts, through the example of a holy life, the fervor of their prayers, and the efficacy of their instructions, to bring about the conversion of those females, who, after having fallen into the disorders of a licentious life, are touched by the grace of God and wish to abandon the state of sin, in order to do penance under their conduct, and to learn more easily the means of serving his divine majesty and of saving their souls. For, as in the church of God there are religious 'Hospitalieres' who are destined to take care of the maladies of the body, it is also necessary that there should be monasteries like hospitals to receive sick souls, and religious to labor therein in restoring them to spiritual health. And as there are Ursulines whose principal end is to

employ themselves to introduce the fear of God into innocent souls, it is also very important that there should be religious women whose principal end it is to labor for re-establishing this same fear of God in penitent souls.

3. "But that they may employ themselves with more efficacy and courage in the functions of this holy institute, it is necessary that those who embrace it consider often the following truths:

1. "It is the most worthy service, and the greatest honor they can render to God, and the work the most agreeable to his divine majesty that they can do, because he has nothing so much at heart as the salvation of souls.

2. "It is a work which contains in itself and by excellence all the other good works, spiritual as well as corporal, which they can practise, because all these are but means to attain that which is their end.

3. "One soul is of more value than a world; consequently to lend a hand to draw it out of the abyss of sin, is a greater thing than to create an entire world and to draw it out of nothing into existence: to direct and conduct one soul in the spiritual way of grace is a more excellent thing than to govern a world in temporal things.

4. "One soul alone is more precious before God than all the bodies that are in the universe: consequently to contribute to clothe it with the grace of God, to nourish and fortify it by good examples and holy instructions, is a holier action than to clothe and feed all the bodies that are in the world. To deliver one soul from the slavery of sin and the devil, is a thing more meritorious than to set at liberty all the captives and prisoners that are on earth; to destroy one sin in a soul is a greater good than to stop a universal pestilence; and to cause one soul to pass from the death of sin to the life of grace is a thing more agreeable to God than to raise to life all the dead that are in the tombs.

5. "According to St. Chrysostom, to labor for the salvation of souls in a true spirit of charity is better than to perform the greatest corporal austerities and mortifications. According to the same saint, to employ one's time and life in this holy work is a thing more pleasing to God than to suffer martyrdom. This is what made St. Teresa say that she envied those who were thus employed more than she did the martyrs.

6. "According to St. Denis, the most divine of all things is to co-operate with the divine majesty in the salvation of souls, and especially of those that are abandoned and without help; since our Lord has said, that he came not to call the just, but sinners.

7. "It is for this intention that our institute has been founded and established in the church; and the sisters have not entered this congregation to save themselves only, but to co-operate in the salvation of souls, in the manner that shall be prescribed them by obedience.

8. "It is for them a very peculiar grace and an extraordinary favor from heaven, of which they are infinitely unworthy, to be associated in this work with our Lord Jesus Christ, his most holy mother, the apostles and so many great saints. And whilst they apply themselves to the exercise of so holy an institute, God will bestow on them his greatest benedictions, spiritual and temporal; because there are no persons in the world that he loves more than those who co-operate with him for the salvation of souls.

9. "In fine, this is their first and principal constitution and the most important of their obligations. It is the spirit and the soul of their institute. It is the road that God has marked out to them to go to him, and to render themselves agreeable to his divine majesty. Consequently they must apply their minds and their hearts, their care and their industry, to render themselves worthy to co-operate with Jesus Christ our Lord in the salvation of souls that he has redeemed by the price of his blood; and they must embrace with affection all the pains and difficulties that are met with in this vocation, for the love of him who suffered so many outrages for this same object, and that they may be by this means the true daughters of Our Lady of the Good Shepherd.

10. "Since the most perfect exercise of charity consists in withdrawing souls from perdition, to conduct them to eternal salvation; and since this congregation has been created for no other purpose than to receive those females who, after having fallen into a licentious life, desire to leave it and to be converted to God, they shall receive—so far as the house can accommodate and the means permit—all those who shall present themselves, provided they have the following qualities: first, that they appear to be touched by God's grace and desire to be converted; second, that they enter of their own free will, for they should not receive them by force or constraint; third, that there be no fear of their being either pregnant or

infected with any disease capable of causing any harm to the others.

"At their entrance into the asylum, they shall be kept during some time apart from the other penitents, in order to examine their temper, the motives that have made them enter, and whether there be any thing in them to hinder their being placed amongst the others.

"While they are in the house they shall not go out, and no one but their parents shall visit them, or the persons who have placed them there.

"They shall have their refectory, dormitory, chapel, garden, yard, and all the rest of their building, separated from those of the religious community by a wall. There shall be one door only, for those of the religious who, by the orders of the superioress, shall go to remain with them during the day in a room where all the penitents sit together, in order to watch over their deportment, make them say their prayers, and read a spiritual lecture at the hours prescribed, to stay with them in their hours of recreation, and oblige them to work during the remainder of the time. In this wall, too, there shall be a revolving door, through which all that is necessary, for eating and drinking, and their other wants, shall be conveyed, in such a manner that, though they are in the same monastery, they may have no communication whatever with the religious, except with those charged to govern them.

"After the night prayers, the penitents retire to their dormitory, the door of communication is locked, and the key carried to the room of the superioress. The religious retire then to their rooms which are contiguous to the apartment of the penitents: they shall keep the key of that door that they may be able to enter into their dormitory if any accident should happen. Moreover the religious shall have in their rooms a grated window, and a light burning all night. If the superioress judge proper, the mistress of the penitents may keep the key that she and her companions may go in and out when they find it necessary.

"Amongst the religious the superioress shall choose the most advanced in age and grave in manners to be sent to the penitents during the day; and no others shall be permitted to enter there or speak to them without the permission of the superioress. She shall not always send the same individuals, but shall sometimes change them for greater security.

"If any one of the penitents desire to become a religious, they shall send her to one of the monasteries destined to receive penitents; for the latter shall never be received into that of the religious, or of any other monastery of this same order, whatever qualities or talents they may possess. But they may be admitted amongst the Magdalens, when they shall have been sufficiently tried, and whenever the superioress shall judge them worthy and capable of being so admitted."

The religious of this order are inviolably faithful to this last article. They are even very exact in not receiving any of those girls into the community as servants, though they may have given strong marks of a perfect conversion for a long time.

As for the persons who present themselves to become religious, they must be of irreproachable morals. Charity, that covers a multitude of defects and that excuses all things, never covers or excuses any suspicions that may be had concerning their conduct, under any pretext whatsoever. The superiors inquire exactly, not only into the past lives of the applicants, but also into the character and standing of their fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters. If even the latter have a bad reputation, they cannot be received into this order, because it is very important and necessary to preserve the integrity of the congregation, and to prevent the penitents having any subject of reproach to make them. Faults are personal, it is true, but in matters of honor and reputation, this is, perhaps, the most exact of all the religious congregations.

In this community, as in all others, there are two ranks of religious, the choir sisters, who say the divine office, and the lay sisters, who are destined for the domestic employments. Father Eudes judged proper that they should be clothed in white, to remind them with what attention they ought to watch over themselves, to preserve themselves pure and unspotted while they are occupied with the care of the unfortunate creatures whom they endeavor to reclaim. A cross near the heart, and hidden under their habit, is to remind them daily that mortification and works of penance are equally

necessary to make to themselves a buckler against temptations, and to draw down the blessings of heaven on the objects of their zeal. A silver heart that they wear on their breast night and day, on which is engraved an image of the blessed Virgin and the child Jesus, having for support on one side a branch charged with roses, and on the other side a lily, is to furnish them with the motives of courage and confidence that their painful occupations require. It presents them also a continual instruction, almost sufficient to give them at once a just idea of their vocation, a summary of the duties attached to it, and a view of the means they ought to employ to acquit themselves faithfully of those obligations.

TREUGA DEI, OR THE TRUCE OF GOD.

For the U. S. C. Magazine.

FIERCE he broke forth,—"And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglass in his hall?—
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."—MARMION.

CHAPTER V.

FOR three weeks, the Lady Margaret had expected the duke and her brother; for three weeks, Gilbert had impatiently awaited his father's return.

Towards the close of September, a group of young children might be seen clustering around an old man, at the edge of the forest, within a stone's throw of the church of the Nativity. They were listening eagerly and delightedly to the patriarch they had surrounded, in whom we recognise Father Omehr. The faces of the infant band were bright with innocence and that happy alchemy which turns the merest toy to a costly treasure. There was a tender piety on the features of those children that moved the heart. Devotion lies upon the face of youth with a peculiar fitness. As we see it dwelling in that unsullied abode, we remember how the cheek of the Madonna is pressed against the infant in her arms. Their instructor seemed to have caught a portion of their lightheartedness. Sad recollections and gloomy anticipations were forgotten; the throes of the empire and dangers of the church intruded not; for a moment, the aged missionary felt the elasticity of childhood, and, as his heart was as pure, his face became as bright as theirs.

"Perhaps you have thought, my children," the priest was saying, whilst his hand rested lightly upon the head of the nearest boy, "perhaps you have thought at times, that had you been little children at Jerusalem when our Saviour entered the city in triumph, and the people went forth to meet him with palm branches, you too would have run to welcome him and laid fruits and pretty flowers at his feet. Perhaps you have thought, that you would have offered him some refreshing drink as he tottered under his cross up the hill of Calvary, that you would have embraced him and wept most piteously when he fainted away in agony. How delightful would it have been to

receive a smile from your suffering Lord! You have still the very same opportunity, my children, you would have had at Jerusalem. You can still run to meet your Redeemer!—He loves the flowers of a pure heart, better than those which make the green fields as beautiful as the blue sky with its stars; and he values the tears we shed for our sins, more than the pain we would have felt to see him suffer. Still continue to bring the fruits and flowers of piety and obedience to your parents to Jesus, and you will be permitted to wait upon him in heaven for all eternity.

"Go, now, and play! And when the bell rings, come quietly to the church!"

Not until his little flock had dispersed, did Father Omehr perceive that the Lady Margaret was standing almost at his side.

The Lady Margaret has changed since we saw her return the parting salute of Rodolph and Henry. Her cheek has grown brighter, but her brow is smoother and paler. Her face is sweeter than ever, though still more melancholy. It may have been the balminess of the afternoon, solicitude for her brother's return, or a transient feeling, that controlled the expression of the maiden's face,—but it seemed to have still less of earth in its exquisite proportions, and her eye was softer and deeper.

It was Monday afternoon; and on this day every week, the missionary instructed the children of the neighborhood and prepared them for communion. There still remained an hour before the time for evening service, and Father Omehr proposed to the Lady Margaret a walk along the shady avenue at the border of the forest. Disengaging herself from the children, who loved her and were clustering about her, she readily assented.

"Father," began the maiden as they walked together, "when may we expect the duke?"

"Before long, I hope," replied the missionary; "the conventicle at Worms will decide at once, who of his barons are for, and who against him. I should not be surprised to see them returning at any moment."

"Are they in no danger from ill disposed chieftains?" asked the lady.

"The duke will pass through a friendly country, and is too much loved and feared to be assailed in his own dominions. Your father, I presume, is not anxious about their safety?"

"Oh no! He talks as if they were invulnerable."

"At least," returned the priest, "you should rest content with praying for them, and not distress yourself with idle fears."

A pause of some minutes ensued here, during which Margaret's mind seemed actively and painfully employed. She broke the silence by exclaiming in a low but earnest tone—

"I have always been too much influenced by idle fears! my whole life has been a tissue of timidity!"

"Do not accuse yourself unjustly, my child," said her companion, "we must beware, even in reproaching ourselves, that we do not despise the favors of God and lose the grace of perseverance in virtue."

The fair girl was again silent, but she suddenly exclaimed with much emotion,

"Year after year I felt a strong impulse to join the convent at Cologne, founded by the sainted Anno, but was withheld by a fear of my own weakness,—I resolved to seek the cloister and forget the garb and customs of the world, but I feared that I might thus confirm my father in his indifference to religion and my brother in his antipathy to the house of Hers. The months kept gliding by, and still I was irresolute. I have prayed, with all the ardor I could command, for light to see my vocation; and if God have mercifully granted it, I wilfully remain blind. This self-made uncertainty and irresolution, cost me many a pang; nor have I even the merit of patiently and cheerfully enduring what they inflict."

Margaret was violently agitated as she

spoke, but was not entirely subdued by her excited heart, though more than one big tear went down her cheeks.

"Margaret!" said her venerable companion, stopping short and speaking so impressively that the maiden looked up through her tears,

"Margaret!" he repeated as their eyes met, "you have done much to soften your father's anger and your brother's impetuosity, and your mediation has perhaps endeared you to heaven;—but you can do *more!* Devote your life to the extinguishment of the feud between the houses of Stramen and Hers—look to the duty that stares you in the face and fulfil that vocation before you seek another! Make peace between these houses the first object of your prayers and the aim of all your efforts, and God will soon determine whether the cloister or the castle requires your presence in the accomplishment of your noble end!"

As Father Omehr concluded, the Lady Margaret, yielding to the impulse she had till then controlled, wept like a child. Yet it was not deeper dejection that made her sob as though her heart would break, but rather a sense of relief, and a sweet consolation that banished all spiritual dryness. Her instructor had often before suggested her obligation to consecrate herself to the task of healing the feud; but never had he so solemnly warned her, and never had she seen her duty so clearly.

"Be calm, my child," continued the missionary; "you can compose yourself in the church, whilst I prepare for the service. Prostrate yourself before the infinite majesty and goodness of God and invoke his assistance, with a determination to accept with resignation whatever trial he may send. And forget not to supplicate the intercession of the blessed Mary.—Open your heart to her;—beg her to discover and obtain its pious wants. *She*, whom Jesus obeyed on earth, will not ask in vain in his eternal kingdom: God, who made her the medium of salvation to man whilst she remained a poor Jewish virgin, cannot deem her unworthy of being the channel of his choicest graces to us, now that she stands beatified in heaven!"

The Lady Margaret passed into the church and knelt before the altar. There she remained until the psalms were sung and the evening hymn was over. When she rose, her face was calm and even joyous. There was no exultation in her look, but it was full of meek serenity. As she left the church, she met Father Omehr. She greeted him with a smile that told what a load was taken off her heart. There was gratitude, esteem and a holy joy in that smile—it was full of a tender and indescribable sweetness—it was an expression of the happiness and purity of her soul.

It was not the bright smile of youth, or the warm smile of affection; it had none of the witchery of woman, but much of the devotion of the saint; beautiful as she was, and still more beautiful as it made her, it suggested the worthiness of the Creator, not of the creature.

"We shall expect you to-night, father," she said, pausing but a moment.

Father Omehr nodded and dismissed the children, who had come for a parting blessing, whilst the maiden turned her palfrey towards the castle. She rode swiftly, for dark clouds were climbing up the horizon and the wind was sighing heavily among the trees. We shall leave the maiden on her trusty steed, and see how it is with Gilbert at the castle of Hers. His wound had healed, but he refrained from the violent exercises to which he had been much addicted. He felt the separation from his father keenly, for they had not been parted a week for many years, and the lord of Hers, besides being a kind parent, was a most agreeable companion. Yet there was something more than this, that weighed upon his mind, and kept down the buoyancy and sprightliness of his ardent temperament. By day and by night, there was one fatal sound ringing in his ears. On the lake, on the cliffs, on the skies, on the fields, he saw the same warning words

inscribed,—"*The grave will anticipate her choice!*" From the moment Father Omehr had thus spoken of the Lady Margaret, the sentence blazed on the tablet of Gilbert's memory like the writing that made Belshazzar tremble. He required no interpreter,—the prophecy was plain,—he would fain have mystified it,—but *there* it stood in frightful perspicuity.

It can no longer be concealed that Gilbert loved the Lady Margaret. He was at the age when the heart is most easily influenced; his own fine constitution and his delicate taste, enabled him to appreciate the superior beauty of the fair being who had dressed his wound; his education, in which romance had not been neglected by his father, enjoined the observance of a due homage to personal charms; and his imaginative and impulsive spirit led him rather to encourage than resist his first inclinations. Though struck with the grace of Margaret when he first saw her in the church of the Nativity, and still more impressed with her appearance in the cottage of the priest, his admiration might have expired in a brief fit of tenderness. But the words of Father Omehr had fixed her image in his mind, by awakening a dangerous sympathy for one so frail and lovely. Family prejudices had disappeared in his increasing fondness; they served but to irritate him without controlling his aspirations. He persuaded himself that he might worship in secret without compromising his father; that he could rest satisfied with the remembrance of what he had seen, without a desire to behold again the object so vividly retained. Gilbert was not logician enough for these sophistries.

"*The grave will anticipate her choice!*" The dread words kept sounding in his ears. Why was it he drooped and forgot his pastimes, when he could preserve her image whether she died or not? Why was it he lamented his love as hopeless, when he had in possession all that he fancied he sighed for? Why was it that his eye brightened and his cheek flushed with pleasure, when he brought himself to believe that the missionary might be mistaken?

All these questions were soon answered by a desire to see the Lady Margaret once more. He longed to discover whether she had grown thinner or paler—whether she was withering away—and whether she still retained the form and features that were now a part of his sight. As he thus meditated day by day, his affection obtained all the strength of which so sudden a transport is capable. Before he knew the extent of his infatuation, he was revolving the feasibility of revealing his attachment. At last he had determined to embrace the first chance of declaring a love now past concealment.

At the same time that the Lady Margaret was speeding to Stramen castle, Gilbert was standing on the top of a steep hill that rose abruptly some distance to the north of that on which the towers of his fathers were built. He found a pleasure in surveying the majestic masses of thick, dark clouds, that slowly overspread the west and swallowed up the sun. There seemed to be a mysterious sympathy between him and the angry elements; or perhaps he felt flattered to find the deep thunder and arrowy lightning less potent than the artillery within his bosom. He laughed at the coming storm, whilst the eagle flew by with a shriek, and the cattle sought any casual shelter. But, as he was not ambitious of becoming thoroughly wet, he sprang down the hill when the big drops began to fall, and entered a neat cottage situated in the opening of a rich valley, that swept from the hills towards the lake.

"What! alone, Humbert?" said the youth. "Your wife and children are not out in this, I hope."

"They are praying in the next room," replied the man, sinking his voice.

Gilbert turned to the window; but the rain was now pouring down in torrents, and he could discern nothing but the lightning. Humbert was a favorite with the

lord of Hers. He played upon the harp with more than common skill, and could personate the regular minnesinger to perfection. His stock of ballads was inexhaustible, and some of his original songs might well compare with his borrowed lore. Besides this, he was a daring huntsman, an expert falconer, and a trusty follower. His fidelity had been often proved, and Gilbert placed in him complete confidence.

"Humbert!" exclaimed the youth, in a searching whisper, "would you like to play the minnesinger in this storm?"

The retainer smiled and replied, "Yes! if I were a bull and could bellow the lay."

But Gilbert answered without relaxing a muscle, "You will not be called upon to play, until you can be heard."

"Then we might as well wait until tomorrow," said the other with great sangfroid, looking over Gilbert's shoulder at the rain.

"But understand me!" muttered the youth, rather sternly, "I am in earnest! Will your harp weather this storm?"—

"Yes," returned Humbert, still playfully, "if we loosen its nerves:—I have a water-proof case for it. But I have no water-proof case for myself; and being compelled to brace *my* nerves for the encounter, they will be apt to snap."

"You incorrigible trifler, can you disguise yourself as well now, as when you palmed yourself upon us all for the minstrel Guigo?"

"Certainly!"

"And can you array me as your harp bearer, and alter this face and form of mine?"

"With much more ease than I can play the minstrel in this storm."

"Then do it at once!" said Gilbert.

"My lord!"

"Yes!"

"Where?"

"Here!"

"When?"

"Now!"

Humbert eyed the young noble with a comic surprise.

"Had we not better wait until the rain abates?"

"It is abating now!" replied Gilbert.

It was true: the first frenzy of the storm was over, and there was coming a pause in its wild career.

"There!" resumed the youth, "you can ride to the castle and bring two good horses before it begins again. Quick! I will wait here."

"You had better wait up stairs, out of sight," suggested Humbert.

"You are right!" was the reply.

"This way, my lord," said the other, and followed by his retainer, the young noble ascended to a room that might have been denominated Humbert's studio. The latter descending at once, called his wife, exchanged a few words with her, the import of which was to keep herself invisible, and accustomed to a ready obedience, he leaped upon his horse and spurred for the castle. The distance was not greater than half a league, yet to Gilbert he was absent an age.

It was quite dark before Humbert had completed the disguises to his satisfaction. His own was a masterpiece in its way. He assumed a grace and a lightness that might well become a minstrel of no ordinary degree. The character of his face was completely changed, and was reduced by means of long flaxen curls and other artificial additions, from frank manliness to almost feminine delicacy. The lord of Hers himself, would not have recognised his son in the drooping, swarthy, gypsey-looking figure that stood beside Humbert. Gilbert's head was enveloped in something like a cowl, and his whole figure was muffled up in a coarse brown cloak. Thus attired, he was to play the part of a Bohemian harp bearer.

The moment the finishing touches were put, the impatient youth hurried the more cautious yeoman to the saddle. The rain had ceased to fall—but the sky was still overcast and threatening. Though the

moon was more than half full, they had barely light enough to justify the rapid pace at which the noble led the way. It was a little out of character for the minnesinger to carry his own instrument when a harp bearer was so near at hand. But Humbert knew how to sling the harp across his back, and Gilbert, a mere novice in the art, would have found the burden excessively embarrassing. Gilbert pressed forward without opening his lips or looking behind, until they had entered the lordship of Stramen. Humbert, respecting the humors of his superior, followed just as silently. But he began to grow anxious as they kept advancing, and he could not repress an exclamation of surprise as Gilbert halted on the brink of the ravine we have described before, within a league of the castle. They led their horses down into the gully and tied them to two stout trees.

"Give me the harp!" exclaimed the youth, commanding rather than entreating. Humbert surrendered the instrument without a word, and they emerged from the ravine. They walked on, side by side, still in silence; for Gilbert's mind was wrought up to the highest pitch and held too thrilling a communion with itself, to notice his companion except at brief intervals. But when they came within full view of the dim turrets of Stramen castle and the youth kept steadily advancing towards them, Humbert stopped short, and perceiving that Gilbert still advanced, he made bold to stay the rash stripling by touching his arm.

Gilbert started and stood still: then said with cold contempt, "Do you flinch?"

"From what?" inquired the other, calmly.

"From that mass of stone!"

"What have we to do with that?"

"Enter it before an hour!"

"And die before an hour!" replied Humbert.

"Or live!" said Gilbert, rather to himself than to his attendant, and resuming his rapid advance.

Humbert stood awhile, rooted to the ground, in mute amazement at his lord's inexplicable behaviour. But every moment was precious. He sprang forward, and again seizing Gilbert's arm, he threw himself on his knees.

"My dear lord!" he exclaimed, "I conjure you in the name of your father to desist from this madness and to return! You are rushing upon certain destruction! You are flinging away your life! Remember it is Monday! The arm of our blessed mother, the church, cannot protect you to-day. My wife and my children will be left without a father—and the lordship of Hers without an heir!" Here the honest yeoman burst into tears, but the youth's determination was taken. He disengaged himself from his follower's grasp, and said, resolutely but kindly,—

"Return!"

"And leave you to perish alone?" cried Humbert, springing to his feet. "No! No! I am no craven! And why should I return? To be reproached with having seduced my lord into danger and then basely deserted him? If you advance, I go with you, though I cannot guess your object, or justify your seeming madness. But I implore you to remember your duty as a son and as a Christian, and not to take a step that will make your enemies exult and your friends tear their hair in sorrow!"

For a moment the noble stood irresolute; but the next instant he seized Humbert's hand with a vice-like grip, and whispered in his ear, "I must see the Lady Margaret!"

Without waiting for a reply, Gilbert strode forward. Before the drawbridge was gained, Humbert had recovered himself, and was prepared to put forth all his daring and skill, to extricate themselves from the consequences of this perilous adventure.

"Ho! warder!" he cried in a confident tone, "A minnesinger—Ailred of Zurich—and his harp bearer, wet and fasting. Peace in the name of God!"

Down came the drawbridge, and the portcullis rose and fell, leaving them on the other side of the moat, surrounded by the men of Stramen. They were conducted with much respect to a comfortable room in the castle, and the arrival announced to the lord Sandrat de Stramen. The baron, who had heard of Ailred's rising fame, was delighted with the intelligence, and invited the minstrel to his principal hall. Humbert uncased his harp, and having tuned it, delivered it to Gilbert. Then, with scrupulous care, having re-examined his costume, he ascended a flight of stairs, escorted by a serf, and ordered Gilbert to follow. They were ushered into a spacious room, hung with armor and broidered tapestry. Around a blazing fire, were seated the baron and father Omehr, and some paces behind them stood several attendants. Sir Sandrat rose and saluted the minstrel with much courtesy, and bade him warm himself at the genial hearth. Humbert received the baron's congratulations without embarrassment, and pledged his health in a brimming bowl. Whilst the minnesinger and the noble were exchanging compliments, Gilbert kept a respectful distance, supporting the harp. He feared to look at the missionary, who sat evidently little concerned about Ailred of Zurich, wrapped in meditation. His heart had grown cold, when on entering the room, as he glanced around, he missed the Lady Margaret. Was she sick? Was the prophecy to be so swiftly consummated? He maintained his position unnoticed, save by the domestic who offered him wine, until the diligent seneschal had spread a long table which soon presented a most tempting appearance. Venison, boar's flesh, fish, fowl, pastries of various kinds, and generous bowls of wine, proclaimed the hospitality of the proud baron. Father Omehr blessed the board, but declined participating in the repast. Sir Sandrat forced the troubadour to sit at his side, whilst Gilbert occupied a seat at the lower end of the table, amongst the dependents of the house; for the arrival of a minstrel was one of those momentous occasions, when the lord of the fee welcomed his retainers to his own board, and extended equal favor and protection to the highest and the lowest. Humbert's animation increased as the sumptuous meal progressed, whilst his naturally brilliant qualities, and a remarkable fund of wit and anecdote, so fascinated the baron, that he was wholly absorbed in the charming Ailred. Gilbert sat silent and watchful, eating just enough to avoid observation. When the banquet was drawing to a close, the Lady Margaret entered the room, and glided to a seat beside the priest. The blood rushed to Gilbert's face with such a burning thrill, that he bent his head to hide his confusion. He trembled in the violence of his smothered emotion. It was some minutes before he dared to look up. Her face was exposed to his gaze, and he could see every feature distinctly. She was still the same—aye, more than the same—she was lovelier than ever. Regardless of discovery, he fixed his eyes upon the apparition that had haunted him so long, and was only recalled to a sense of his position, by a loud call from the baron for the harp. As he carried the instrument to the spot indicated by Ailred, the baron presented the minstrel to his daughter. Humbert behaved with becoming reverence. He took his station a few feet from the table, between Sir Sandrat and his daughter, and began to prelude with decision and great sweetness. Gilbert stood behind him, with his back to the baron and his face to the Lady Margaret. Humbert, emboldened by his reception and perhaps inspirited by the wine, sounded the chords with admirable effect; and when the expectation of the audience was at the highest, he introduced a beautiful ballad, and raising his voice, sang the praises of Rodolph of Suabia. The baron and all his followers were listening intently to the minstrel, as with a heaving breast and flashing eye, he recited the glory of Suabia and of her majestic

duke. Even father Omehr was carried away by the excited Humbert. But Gilbert's eyes and soul were riveted upon the Lady Margaret. What was the strain to him? he heard it not. The violent hopes and fears that had alternately shaken him, had given way to a silent rapture; the unnatural tension of his nerves was relaxed, and in spite of all his efforts, the tears gleamed in his eyes. When the lay was over, the room resounded with loud praises, and the baron threw a chain of gold around the minstrel's neck. At this moment Margaret encountered Gilbert's passionate gaze; she reddened with anger at first, but almost instantaneously became pale as death. Gilbert saw that he was recognised—he bent his head upon his breast and prepared for the worst. But so completely had Humbert engrossed all eyes, that the maiden's agitation was not observed. She had penetrated the youth's disguise, and the discovery had stunned her. She was bewildered and could not determine what course to pursue. Humbert sounded his harp again, and began a wild romance. Concealing her agitation, she endeavored during the song to collect her thoughts. What embarrassed her most, was to divine whether Gilbert's purpose in his mad visit were hostile or merely a piece of bravado. But she resolved to take no step without mature reflection. She was deliberating whether she could communicate her secret to father Omehr, without so surprising him as to excite remark, when he rose and left the room.

The Lady Margaret was detained to hear some verses improvised to herself, which she rewarded with a slight token; she then withdrew without raising her eyes to Gilbert. After she had disappeared, the baron dismissed the guests and retained the minstrel. Seizing this opportunity, Humbert told Gilbert he might retire until he was called, and the youth passed out, leaving behind only a few favorite retainers with Sir Sandrat and the minnesinger. As the door closed behind him, Gilbert found himself in a long and dimly lighted corridor. He saw a black figure enter at the other end—it was father Omehr.

"It rains too hard at present to venture out!" said the priest in passing, and he re-entered the hall to wait till the gust had exhausted itself.

Gilbert wandered along the arched gallery without any definite aim, yet expecting to see the Lady Margaret start from some secret niche. Suddenly his cloak was pulled so sharply, that he grasped his sword which he had been prudent enough to conceal beneath the ample folds of his gown. As he turned, he saw a female with her finger on her lips, but it was not the Lady Margaret; that shrivelled face and curved back belonged to Linda. The old nief, after thus enjoining silence, made a gesture for the youth to follow, and shuffled noiselessly before him. Gilbert's heart was well nigh bursting with anxiety as they stole along. When they reached the point where the corridor branched off into many smaller passages, Linda entered one that opened through a sharp arched door upon the top of a battlemented tower. The youth felt relieved by the cold, damp wind, that drove through the aperture against his burning cheeks. As they reached a recess near the tower, Linda stopped and leaned against a buttress with her arms crossed on her breast. At this moment, Gilbert became aware of the presence of a third figure, muffled from head to foot in a mantle of fur; he felt that the Lady Margaret stood before him, but all his gallant resolutions melted away and he remained mute and motionless, powerless to speak or act. Apparently unconscious of Gilbert's presence, the lady stepped within the recess and knelt before a statue of the Mater Dolorosa; the youth was awed and abashed;—he began to consider his daring adventure an unwarrantable intrusion;—he meditated kissing the hem of her garment and retiring with all his love unspoken. In the midst of his suspense Margaret arose and con-

fronted him; her manner was formal and dignified without being cold or stern.

"Are you Gilbert de Hers?" she said in an under tone, but her voice was firm and clear.

Gilbert bowed, but made no other reply.

"What is your motive in coming here?" pursued the maiden, still calmly.

The youth was silent, his eyes fixed on the pavement.

"Why have you come so mysteriously —in such a strange disguise?"

But still no answer came.

"Are you here," continued his fair interrogator with more emphasis, "on a hostile mission? Are you seeking vengeance on our house by stealth? Are you engaged in the prosecution of some criminal vow to injure us? Speak! Have you come to draw blood?"

"No, no! muttered Gilbert, finding voice at last, "I bear your house no enmity."

"Beware!" said the lady. "Remember that for years you have been our professed and bitter enemy."

"I *was* your enemy. I solemnly declare myself one no longer."

"Then what has impelled you to this step? Is it an idle curiosity—a mere piece of bravado?"

Gilbert made no reply.

"Is the object of your visit fulfilled?—If so,—fly at once! Your life is in danger—you cannot long escape detection—it is dangerous to tempt my father. Go! you will find none else here to listen to your denial of an inimical intent in this reckless deception."

"My object is but half fulfilled!" exclaimed the youth, throwing himself at the Lady Margaret's feet.

It would argue a poor knowledge of the quick apprehension of woman, to say that the maiden was entirely unprepared for such a movement; but the suddenness of the demonstration made her start. Gilbert's embarrassment had disappeared in his fervor. He no longer stammered and stuttered, but with unhesitating eloquence went through that ancient but ever fresh story, found in the mouths of all suitors in all ages. Linda stood with her eyes and mouth distended, looking as though she had been petrified just as she was about to scream. It was rather a poor omen for Gilbert, that Margaret should have turned to the old servant, who had advanced a pace, and calmly motioned her back to her corner. The daughter of Stramen listened to Gilbert's passionate professions, with the air of one who was hearing the same vows, from the same person, under similar circumstances, for the second time. She could scarcely have foreseen this; but there is no estimating the power of anticipation: it is the mother of much immovable composure and unpremeditated wit.

After reciting the history of his love from its dawn to its zenith, Gilbert began to conjure her not to slight his affection, and not to permit family prejudices to stand in the way of their union.

"It can never be sufficiently lamented," he said, "that the demon of revenge has so long separated our houses, which ought to be united in the closest ties of friendship. It is time for us to learn to forgive. We have been too long aliens from God and wedded to our evil passions. We must fling aside the scowl of defiance, the angry malediction, the sword and the firebrand, and like Christians and neighbors contract an alliance that will edify as much as our discord has scandalized. I conjure you, in the name of the victims already made by our feud,—of the numbers who must perish by its continuance, —in the name of the holy church whose precepts we have disregarded, of the God whose commandments we have violated, not to dismiss me in scorn and anger. I have perilled my life, that I might end our enmity in love."

"I am most happy," interposed the Lady Margaret, availing herself of the first pause in his rapid utterance, "I am most happy," she repeated in a voice of singular sweetness, "that our enmity may end in love."——

A smile of exultation shot over Gilbert's face, and a sound of joy trembled on his lips. This did not escape the maiden, for she instantly added

"But not in the love you propose!"

The light was gone from Gilbert's countenance, and he stared wildly into the lovely and mournful face before him.

"Not in the love you propose!" she resumed.

Hitherto she had spoken seriously and without agitation, but now her whole manner was changed. Her cheek glowed and her eye gleamed: a sudden animation appeared in every limb. She took a step forward, and bent over the still kneeling youth, fixing upon him a steady, penetrating gaze, as though she sought to read his inmost soul.

"Tell me, Gilbert de Hers," she said, "do you truly desire peace between us?"

"As I live!" replied Gilbert, "Yes!"

"Do you desire it for the love of God, and because our enmity displeases him?"

"Yes!"

"Then consecrate yourself to the attainment of that peace! Let no selfish motive spur you on! Look to heaven for your recompense, not to me! Aspire to eternal favor, not to mortal love! As for me—my days are numbered here!—but what remains of life, I devote to the same holy end. We will labor together, though apart, in a noble cause—our prayers shall be the same—our hopes the same—our actions guided by the same resolves! If I should die before our task is done—if my death fail to soften my father's heart—falter not in your enterprise! With the grace of God,—I will be with you still! Fix your heart *there!*"

Her trembling finger was raised to heaven as she spoke, and in the splendor of her pious enthusiasm, she seemed rather the guardian angel of the youth, than a daughter of earth.

Gilbert remained as one entranced—he did not even hear the sharp scream that burst from Linda, as Bertha with her hair streaming wildly over her face and neck darted towards them through the corridor, followed by a dozen men at arms.

"Fly! fly! my lady!" cried the terrified nief, setting the example.

But Margaret remained firm.

"Rise!" she said to Gilbert, who still knelt as if turned to stone. Alive to her voice, he sprang to his feet.

"Back!" cried the Lady Margaret to the leader of the party, who was now within a few feet of her.

"Pardon me, my lady!" said the man, bowing deeply, "Your sire has commanded us to arrest the harp bearer!"

The maiden reflected an instant, and then said, "Offer him no violence—take him before my father—I will accompany you."

Gilbert had drawn his sword, but at a sign from the Lady Margaret, replaced it in his belt, and suffered himself to be seized by two of the men of Stramen. Margaret led the way along the corridor, followed by Bertha, whose voice could be heard at times mingling with the clank of the heavy feet that waked a hundred echoes along the vaulted passage. Had Gilbert looked behind him as he left the ravine, he would have seen a female figure there—that figure had dogged him ever since. Bertha was again his evil spirit: with a peculiar cunning, she had followed him unobserved to the interview with the Lady Margaret, and then communicated her suspicions by gestures and broken sentences to the baron. Scarce knowing whether to credit the confused story of the unfortunate woman, Sir Sandrat had ordered Gilbert's arrest, rather to get rid of Bertha's importunity than as a prudent or necessary measure. When the youth entered the room with Margaret, Bertha and his armed escort, the baron said without any irritation,

"Is this a Bohemian, my daughter?—Has he been telling your fortune?"

But the Lady Margaret was silent.

"Unmuffle that churl," pursued the knight, manifesting some impatience, "let

us see what lurks beneath that sordid cowl."

"Hold!" cried the youth, arresting the lifted arm of his guard and uncovering his head with his own hand. "There is no motive for concealment now, sir," he continued, meeting without flinching the kindling eye of the baron, "I am Gilbert de Hers!"

At this bold declaration, Sir Sandrat started up almost livid with anger, whilst the corded veins swelled in his menacing brow;—father Omehr clasped his hands despondingly at first, and then raising them as if in prayer, kept his eye fixed on the baron;—the Lady Margaret bent her head in deep affliction, and Humbert involuntarily struck his harp. The single note sounded like a knell: a death-like silence ensued. Already four stalwart soldiers had secured Gilbert's arms, and with determined looks they waited but a signal from their chief; still the infuriated knight scowled at Gilbert, and still the latter firmly bore the storm.

"To prison with him!" at length exclaimed the baron. "Instant death were too good for the designing villain who has stolen like a snake into our midst. Away with the deceiver, who would stoop to seek by a most unmanly stratagem the revenge he dared not openly attempt."

"The bravest of your name," retorted Gilbert, "has not yet dared to set foot within my father's halls!"

"Because we murder not by stealth!" shouted Sir Sandrat, stung by the sarcasm.

"I meant no murder in coming here!"

"Aha! you find it easy to disguise your designs as well as your person!"

"I came to renounce the foe at your daughter's feet, and tell her that I loved her. I have gained my object—do your worst!"

Whilst the youth was speaking, the maddened baron snatched a heavy mace from a man who stood by. Already the ponderous mass quivered in his powerful grasp, when his daughter with a piercing shriek threw herself upon his arm. After a vain effort to free himself, the ready knight seized the weapon with his left hand, and with wonderful adroitness and strength prepared for the blow. But the baron's arm was again arrested. Between the chieftain and the motionless object of his wrath, stood father Omehr. The mace must crush that majestic forehead, that benevolent eye, must steep those venerable hairs in blood, before it can reach the unfortunate Gilbert. Calm, but stern, the missionary stood, superior to the frenzy of the noble.

"Forbear! In the name of God I command you—forbear!" Such was his exclamation, as with one arm outstretched, he opposed his hand to the mace.

"Tempt me not!" cried the baron, growing pale, and stamping in his rage.

"Tempt not your God!" returned the fearless priest.

"Stand aside! Beware! You shelter a miscreant!"

"Beware yourself of the fiend at your heart!" replied the old man, maintaining his perilous position.

"Think not to thwart me always," resumed Sir Sandrat. "I have too long permitted your interference. Again and again have you thrust yourself between me and the objects of my wrath! You have ever sided with my inferiors—protected my serfs, and insulted their master."

"I have sided with mercy and with your better nature. You are a demon now—and seek, what if obtained, would make you even loathe yourself, and would in the pure eye of God——

A shrill blast of a bugle sounded at the castle gate.

"The duke! the duke!" exclaimed the Lady Margaret, throwing her arms around her father's neck.

The mace was still uplifted, the priest was still before it, Gilbert was still pinioned by the men of Stramen, and all was silent as the tomb, when Rodolph and Henry entered the room.

"Did you listen to that minion, Margaret?" said the baron to his daughter,

without seeming to notice the presence of the duke.

"It is because she gave me no hope," interposed Gilbert, "that I am indifferent to your anger."

Rodolph perceiving the difficulty at a glance, put his arm in his angry baron's and led him aside, whilst Henry advanced to his sister. After a long and vehement discussion, the king of Arles left the knight standing with his arms folded on his breast and his back to the group, and released Gilbert from the close grasp of his captors.

"Come with me," he said in a whisper.

"Where?" inquired Gilbert.

"To the other side of the drawbridge."

"But—I cannot leave Humbert," said the youth, pointing to the brightening minnesinger.

"He shall go with you—they care not for him."

At a beck from the duke, Humbert was at his side. "Follow me," said Rodolph.

But Gilbert lingered a moment to press father Omehr's hand to his lips, and then the three passed silently out of the apartment. They soon gained the terrace, where to his surprise, Gilbert found his own horses that had been tied in the ravine. Bertha had brought them there. The two adventurers were conducted by the duke beyond the castle bounds. The clouds had passed away, and the moon and stars shone brightly out.

"Away now!" cried the hero of Hohenburg.

Bidding the noble duke an affectionate farewell, Gilbert and his follower sprang to the saddle and galloped off. But the adventures of the night were not yet over. Hardly had they passed the ravine, before Humbert's quick ear detected the tramp of a horse behind them.

"Faster!" said Gilbert, putting spurs to the somewhat jaded animal he rode.

Faster they went, but the sound came nearer and nearer. Again Gilbert urged on his horse, and again the galled creature bounded forward, but the pursuing sound came faster than they. Humbert looked behind, and by the bright moonlight saw a solitary horseman advancing at a furious pace.

"It is but one man," said he.

"So much the worse!" replied the youth, without checking his speed.

"He must overtake us!" continued Humbert, "he gains at every leap!"

It was true. The horseman was almost on them.

"Fly not so fast, gentlemen!" he cried as he came up.

"I knew it was he," muttered Gilbert, halting.

"You have given me some trouble to overtake you!" said Henry of Stramen with a bitter sneer as he wheeled his swift horse, which had darted ahead and confronted them.

"Had I been well mounted," answered Gilbert, "you would have had your trouble in vain!"

"I conjectured as much, from your determined flight," returned Henry.

Gilbert was stung to the quick, but he constrained himself to reply,

"With your permission, sir, we will ride on."

"My permission can only be obtained in one way, and that way should already have been embraced by a Suabian noble."

Saying this, the young knight leaped to the ground and drew his sword.

"You will dismount, I trust!" he continued, as Gilbert sat steadily in his saddle.

"No! Let me pass, I entreat you!" said Gilbert, putting his horse in motion. But Henry of Stramen, with a sudden spring, caught the reins and forced the animal well nigh back upon his haunches.

"I knew it!" cried Henry with a bitter laugh. "You took advantage of my absence to insult my sister, but I returned too soon for your chivalry. Dismount!—The Truce of God covers not to-day! Dismount!—Add not cowardice to deceit!"

This was more than Gilbert could bear. Quick as lightning he stood beside the challenger. It was but the work of a moment to throw off his coarse cloak and

draw his sword. Having chosen his position, he awaited the assault of his adversary. Humbert looked on in breathless interest, whilst the two young nobles fought in the moonlight. For some minutes Gilbert maintained his ground, despite the furious efforts of his assailant. There was a strong contrast between the desperate energy of Henry and the calm courage of Gilbert. But at length the latter began to recede rapidly down a gentle slope. His antagonist recklessly pursued. The motive of Gilbert's retreat soon became evident. Henry's foot slipped on the long grass, slimy from the recent rain, and he fell at full length upon the ground. Before he could rise, Gilbert had driven a short knife up to the hilt in his own horse and mounted the far fleeter steed of his opponent.

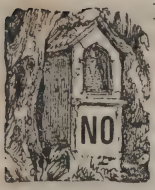
"Return! Coward! and see if chance will save you again!" shouted Henry as he gained his feet.

"Your sister has saved you once, and she shall save you again!" answered Gilbert; and without regarding the denunciations of the knight of Stramen, he called to Humbert, and resuming the road to Hers, was soon out of hearing of Henry's threats.

For the U. S. C. Magazine.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

Translated from Manzoni's Defence of Catholic Morality, against the charges made by Sismondi, in his "Italian Republics."



DOUBT, says Sismondi, "there does exist a close connection between religion and morality: and every good man must confess that the noblest homage a creature can render to his Creator, is to raise himself towards him by virtue. But still moral philosophy is a science absolutely distinct from theology. It has its basis in reason and conscience: it bears its own evidence within itself, and, after developing the mind by the investigation of principles, it satisfies the heart with the disclosure of what is truly beautiful, right and suitable. The church took to herself the government of morality, as belonging entirely to her empire."—*History of the Italian Republics*, ch. cxxvii.

When Christ said to the apostles, "Go, teach all nations, ... teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you,"—he expressly enjoined on the church to take upon herself the regulation and the guardianship of morality.

Undoubtedly, men have some ideas, apart from religion, concerning right and wrong: and these constitute the science of moral philosophy. But is this science, with these ideas alone, complete? Does it form that code of morals which men are bound to adopt? Is it a requisite condition for moral science, that it should be distinct from theology, or is it a defect? This is the question, and to ask it is to answer it. For, after all, it is this very science, with its imperfections and variations, with its many errors, and its total want of an immovable foundation, that Christ undertook to reform, when he prescribed to men what ought to be their actions and what their motives; when he gave rules for our words, our desires, and our sentiments; when he reduced all love and all hatred, to principles which he laid down to us as eternal, infallible, exclusive and universal. He then joined together moral philosophy and theology: was it the part of the church to put them asunder?

Of what does moral philosophy treat? Of our duties towards God and man; of

what is right and what is wrong; and of happiness:—in a word, it undertakes to direct our will in the choice of actions. Now, has moral theology a different scope?—or can it have? If then they both pursue the same truth, both discuss the same principles, and apply them to the same actions, how can they be two different sciences? Is it not certain that where they disagree, one must be false?—and that where they agree, they form one and the same science? It is evident, that in questions of morals, we cannot simply leave the Gospel out of view. We must either lay it for the foundation—or else reject it as positively wrong. We cannot take a step without finding it in the way. We may pretend not to see it: we may seem to get round it without striking against it,—but this will be in words, not in fact.

I know that this distinction between moral philosophy and moral theology is received by very many: that by its help they get rid of various difficulties and reconcile not a few differences: but this is not even an objection. I know, too, that some distinguished men have adopted it; and have even laid it as the foundation for a part of their systems. I will give an example from an author and a work of no ordinary merit: "Since in this work, I am not a theologian, but a political writer, it is possible that it may contain things, not entirely true, except in a human point of view; as they have not been considered in their relations to sublimer truths."* This passage is not the less absurd, for being from Montesquieu. For surely if those things be true in a human point of view, they will be true in every point of view. He supposes it possible that there may be a contradiction between them and sublimer truths: now, this contradiction either does not exist in fact, or if it does exist, the things are not entirely true. If they have a relation to sublimer truths, it is all important that it should be examined, because this very relation must be the touchstone of their truth. The illusion which gave occasion to this phrase and to many others, had been remarked and clearly exposed half a century before, by a deep and nice observer of the human heart, the great Nicole. Inquiring into the value of the expression that is in such common use, "humanly speaking"—he says: "It would seem, to hear us talking, that there are three classes of sentiments; one right, one wrong, and the third human: and three kinds of judgments; one true, one false, and the third human. And yet it is not so. Every judgment is either true or false; every sentiment is either right or wrong; and those which we call human judgments and human sentiments, necessarily belong to one or the other of these two classes."* Nicole has reduced the question to its narrowest terms, and then shown in the ablest manner why it is that men resort to this fallacy. When a man says that a thing is true humanly speaking, he intimates that he only proposes it, as an hypothesis: but then the consequences are drawn from it as if it were true absolutely. The expression therefore really amounts to this: "I feel that this principle which I support is contrary to religion. I wish not to contradict the truths of religion: and I wish also to hold to my principle. Since I cannot bring the two into logical agreement, I will make use of a term which leaves untouched the abstract question, while in practice it allows me to solve it as best may suit my wishes." If any one put the question, may we safely adopt as a rule of conduct a principle that is true, humanly speaking? he will see immediately that the expression is useless. Why do we never hear that a law of astronomy is certain according to the Ptolemaic system; that a principle is sound according to the ancient chemistry? Because in these matters no one is interested in holding a false hypothesis.

Without presuming to pass judgment on Montesquieu, we may fairly believe

* Esprit des Loix, liv. xxiv, chap. 1.

* Danger des entretiens des hommes, 1 partie, chap. v.

that the use of this expression, so common among writers of his time, did not arise from an error of judgment.

At that time, in France, the Catholic religion was supported by the power of the state. Now according to a law that will last to the end of the world, where there is power on one hand, there will spring up art on the other to oppose it:* and those writers who wanted to beat down religion without putting themselves in danger, would not accuse her of teaching what was false, but they tried to establish principles that could not agree with hers, and which they maintained to be independent of her authority. Not venturing to lay their hands boldly on the edifice of Christianity to tear it down, they tried to raise up by its side another building, which they thought would make it impossible for the first to stand.

But this moral philosophy "has its basis in reason and conscience: it bears its own evidence within itself, and after developing the mind by the investigation of principles, it satisfies the heart with the disclosure of what is truly beautiful, right and suitable."

Has it a fixed basis? Does it bear within it evidence that convinces all men and all ages? Does it lay down principles acknowledged by all who profess it? Is it always and every where consistent with itself concerning what is beautiful, and what is right, and what is suitable? If so, you may well call it distinct from theology; it has no need of her help, or to speak more correctly, it is theology itself.

But if it varies according to places and times, it is not *one;* and therefore cannot be confronted with moral theology, which *is one.* And we may ask which system of moral philosophy is to be considered, for unquestionably there are many different ones.

In moral science there are two chief things: the fundamental principle, and the rules of conduct which form the application of the principle. The history of moral opinions display in each of these a most monstrous variety.

As to the rules of conduct, this variety is evident to any one who will call to mind the absurd systems of practical morality that have been followed by entire nations. Locke has given examples in abundance, in his argument to show that there are no rules of morality innate in man, stamped by nature upon his soul.*

* The reader will understand that the word law is employed here to signify not what men ought to do, but what generally speaking, (unless they be supported by a principle and a power superior to nature,) they will do as certainly as if they were obliged to it by a law. A splendid exception is shown in the early Christians who, in their relations to the persecutors, united in an admirable degree sincerity, patient endurance and resistance.

What divine wisdom in the precept of fleeing from persecution! As there was no alternative but death or apostacy, no man was to expose himself to a trial so much above his strength; but he had to bear with it when it could not be avoided. According to worldly prudence, it was impossible to imagine a plan of conduct that would give less hope of success, than one which shut out both the advantages of power, and those of stratagem; all the benefits that might be obtained by parleying, by gaining time, by deceiving the oppressor. Christianity allowed its defenders, when in the presence of their enemy, no choice, but to die without doing him any harm. Surely any man of worldly wisdom would have foretold that this doctrine would disappear, and that very soon, unless its advocates should grow wise from experience, and change their mode of propagating it. Most admirable of all is the fact that the doctrine has been established, and spread over the earth, by fidelity to these precepts.

* *Essay on the Understanding, book* i, *ch.* 2. Since Locke wrote, others have wished from these and similar facts, to draw a much broader conclusion; that there does not exist in man the sentiments of morality. Helvetius cited many facts to prove that in all ages, and the different parts of the world, uprightness could not be any thing else than the habit of doing what is useful to the country.—*Disc.* ii, *ch.* xiii. One or two writers, rising up with reason and with dignity to declare against this sophism, which confounds the idea of right with the application of the idea, would seem on the other hand almost to discountenance the very search for these facts. *Philosophy of Kant* by *C. Villers*, and more expressly *Madame de Stael on Germany*, 3*d part*, *ch.* 2. "What sort of a system is it that gives to a man so virtuous as Locke a taste for accumulating these facts?" But she showed herself that she did not think this an objection, and in fact she adds immediately: "Whether these facts be melancholy or not, you may say, the question that interests us, is whether they be true." Certainly; the only thing to be sought in facts, is their truth: and one who is afraid to examine them, shows pretty clearly that he is not sure of his principles. But, continues the distinguished authoress, "they may be true, but what do they show?" They show that there is no innate principle of practical morality: a truth of no small importance, and one

He has hunted up the most of them among people of rude manners, and nearest to the savage state; but he might easily have found a sufficient number among nations better known in history, and holding a high reputation for civilization and enlightenment. Did the pagans possess within their own breasts a true standard of right and wrong? Those Romans, for example, who would shudder with horror at hearing that one of their citizens had been scourged with rods; and look on it as an act of common justice, that a slave, who fled from the bad treatment of an inhuman master, should be thrown alive to wild beasts? Without giving other examples, it is enough to say that ancient historians and moralists abound in them. What is this moral conviction then, if it is not inborn with all men? It is too true, that there may be a moral conviction strong enough to make a man commit an abominable act, under the persuasion that he is doing right; and lasting enough to prevent his being troubled by remorse: and this may extend to whole nations—but it is a false conviction. And to show clearly that it is false, we do not need the testimony of religion, only let some circumstances cease to exist, some interest change, or some custom be abolished—and the conviction disappears.

With regard to the fundamental principle of moral science, the differences are not to be hunted after among the Mingrelians, the Peruvians, and the Topinambians. The question now lies between a few studious men, who give their attention professedly to the subject, and who undertake to abstract from all considerations of interest, of authority and of custom, in order to come at the pure truth. These men do agree that there exists a fundamental principle of morality, a standard of right, applicable to all the relations of men; but when they come to point it out, one sees it in self-interest, another in the idea of duty, a third in conscience. And observe that these disputes are not of that kind that prepare the way for agreement, by bringing all parties to make some steps towards a common centre. There are discussions that have an outward tendency: at each point in their progress the disputants discover some common ground, which thenceforward becomes a part of the science: they come to agreement on some thing, that is never afterwards called into question. But in moral philosophy, instead of any such progress, the various systems fall and rise again, always preserving their characteristic differences. The disputes go on; each advocate repeating over again his own arguments as decisive, in spite of its having been shown that they do not solve the difficulties of his opponents. This is in general the clearest indication of a question that cannot be settled.*

which before Locke wrote, was not so very commonly acknowledged. By setting it forth, and proving it, he has destroyed an error and done a great service, for no error on the subject of morality can be harmless.

This truth formed Locke's thesis: yet we must confess that his reasoning seems to give grounds for the conclusion mentioned above. He has not drawn it expressly, but neither has he guarded against it. He has proved that men differ most wonderfully in their application of the idea of right; but he has not observed that they agree in having a general sentiment that there are things right and things wrong: that there are acts that are good and others that are bad. Those who since his time have established this truth, have not, I would say, refuted a great error in his system, but certainly filled up a very important vacancy in it.

But putting together the truth that Locke discovered, and this last one laid down, we draw from them a third conclusion; that is, the necessity of the divine law to give us a holy and infallible rule of morals. The universal idea of morality proves the capability of man to receive a universal rule for its application: the finger that wrote the law, had already formed the heart of man with a disposition to understand it and to recognise it. And the monstrous errors of the men who have made the application by themselves, prove that this law is necessary, and that it is the only one; that without this, all is confusion and blindness; that the errors they commit in trying to set up others in its place, are so great that even other men, as blind as they, point them out and condemn them, when the particular causes have passed away that made them take for truth one error rather than another.

* . . . . . We may observe in passing that among philosophers there is much less dispute about the rules of conduct than about the general principle of morality. With regard to the former, there is a pretty general agreement: indeed each one tries to fasten on, as well as he can, to his own principle, those practical rules that are

It is therefore quite clear that moral philosophy as a science is not *one*, that it has not a fixed basis, nor points of common consent. If it were to obtain a preference over moral theology, there would still be the difficulty of choosing a system from among the hundred different and contradictory ones into which it is divided; or which, to speak more correctly, are ever waging war upon each other.

most commonly received. It seems to me that this arises from some circumstances which make it easier for men to agree in their judgment of actions. These are education, and the weighty authority of the consent of men around, (public opinion,) which result from common circumstances and common interests: so that in this, philosophers are rather the guided than the guides.

Then the influence of Christianity strengthens and extends this element of judgment. For by condemning some actions, which a corruption of the moral sense had caused some people to admire as virtuous, and by commanding others, she has created on many points a judgment that is firm and independent of arbitrary principles.

For the U. S. C. Magazine.

LOVEST THOU ME?

BY CHARLES J. CANNON.

As erst unto Peter, this question to thee
Has oft put the Saviour—"Lovest thou me?"
And thou, like the servant his Lord who denied,
"Thou knowest that I love thee," as oft hast replied.

Thou knowest that I love thee! Weigh well this reply.
To God—who is truth—wouldst thou utter a lie?
If thou in the outcast refusest to see
A brother, O say not "Thou knowest I love THEE!"

To raise the down-trodden, to succour the poor,
The mourning to comfort, the sin-sick to cure,
The merciful Jesus came down from above,
And Him if thou lovest, these too thou wilt love.

Then turn thine eyes inward, and jealously scan
If aught there is hidden from man against man;
And if hate in thy heart of thy brother there be,
Thou mockest in saying, "Thou know'st I love THEE!"

A MEMORIAL OF PENAL TIMES IN NEW YORK.

Rev. and dear sir,—I recently happened upon a document, of interest on more than one account. I take advantage of your indulgence to aggregate it to the interesting collection of facts, connected with the early history of New York as it regards the Catholic church, which has appeared through your columns from time to time.

There were times in the province, now state of New York, as is well known, when the resident Catholic was proscribed, and subject to the same penalties and forfeitures in the exercise of his faith, which prevailed in the parent land. Fortunately, there were then within the province but few of our faith. The penal times of New York are brought forcibly to mind by the above document.

It was found among the documents and miscellaneous papers of a gentleman, now deceased, who was for many years clerk of the assembly, and also filled the office of clerk of the supreme court of the state. It is a parchment roll, upon which are registered the oaths, with the signatures of officials of the highest grades, taken upon induction into office under the provincial government. It doubtless came into the possession of the gentleman, among whose papers it was found, by virtue of his official position. There can be no doubt of its authenticity. There was with it a large number of parchments of a similar character. I select the one in question as the most interesting. Why they are not rather among our state archives, cannot be explained. I believe it is the intention of the relative of the deceased in whose hands the parchments now are, to deposit them with some permanent public body, perhaps the New York Historical Society, where they may be consulted by the curious in such matters.

This parchment roll is of the reign of George the second; the precise year does not appear. It is in two parts, or sheets, attached to each other and separately signed. Your readers will peruse with interest this relic of a bitter past. The following is a correct transcript of the two portions of the roll consecutively:

"I—*A. B.*—do solemnly and sincerely in the presence of God profess testify and declare that I do believe that in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the Elements of Bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ at or after the Consecration thereof by any person whatsoever And that the Invocation or Adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint and the Sacrifices of the Mass as they are now used in the Church of Rome are Superstitious and Idolatrous And I do solemnly in the presence of God profess testify and declare That I do make this declaration and every part thereof in the plain and Ordinary sense of the words read to me as they are commonly understood by English protestants without any Evasion Equivocation or mental reservation whatsoever And without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the pope or any other Authority or person whatsoever or without thinking that I am or may be acquitted before God or man or Absolved of this declaration or any part thereof Although the pope or any other person or persons or power whatsoever should dispense with or annul the same or declare that it was null and void from the beginning.

(Signed.)

CADWALLADER COLDEN
JOHN CRUGER
D. ISAAC BROWNE
SAMUEL JONES
JAS. KIP, Junr.
GEO. MUIRSON
JNO. CHAMBERS
DAN. HORSMANDEN
WM. SMITH
JOHN CRUGER
RT. R LIVINGSTON
LEWIS MORRIS
S. JOHNSON
OLIVER DE LANCEY
GEO. CLINTON"

"I—*A. B.*—do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance

to His Majesty King George the Second——So HELP ME GOD.

I—*A. B.*—do swear that I do from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as impious and heretical that damnable doctrine and position that princes excommunicated or deprived by the pope or any Authority of the See of Rome may be deposed or murthered by their Subjects or any other whatsoever. And I do declare that no foreign prince person prelate State or potentate hath or ought to have any Jurisdiction power Superiority pre-eminence or authority ecclesiastical or Spiritual within this Realm———So HELP ME GOD

I—*A. B.*—do truly and sincerely acknowledge profess testify and declare in my Conscience before God and the world that our Sovereign Lord King George the Second is lawful and rightful King of this realm and all other his Majesty's dominions thereunto belonging And I do solemnly and sincerely declare that I do believe in my conscience that the person pretended to be prince of Wales during the life of the late King James and since his decease pretending to be and taking upon himself the Style and title of King of England by the name of James the Third or of Scotland by the name of James the Eighth or the Style and Title of King of Great Britain hath not any right or Title whatsoever to the crown of this Realm or any other the Dominions thereto belonging And I do renounce refuse and abjure any Allegiance or Obedience to him And I do swear that I will bear Faith and true Allegiance to his Majesty King George the Second and him will defend to the utmost of my power against all Traiterous Conspiracies and attempts whatsoever which shall be made against his person or crown or dignity And I will do my utmost Endeavors to disclose and make known to his Majesty and his Successors all Treasons and Traiterous Conspiracies which I shall know to be against him or any of them And I do faithfully promise to the utmost of my power to support maintain and defend the succession of the crown against him the said James and all other persons whatsoever which succession by an Act intituled [An Act for the further limitation of the crown and better security of the Rights and Liberties of the Subject] is and stands limited to the princess Sophia Electoress and Dutchess Dowager of Hanover and the Heirs of her body being protestants. And all these things I do plainly and sincerely acknowledge and swear according to these express words by me spoken and according to the plain and common sence and understanding of the same words without any Equivocation Mental Evasion or Secret Reservation whatsoever And I do make this Recognition Acknowledgment Abjuration Renunciation and promise heartily willingly and truly upon the true faith of a Christian———So HELP ME GOD.

(Signed)

CADWALLADER COLDEN
JOHN CRUGER
D. ISAAC BROWNE
SAMUEL JONES
JAS. KIP, Junr.
GEO. MUIRSON
JNO. CHAMBERS
DAN. HORSMANDEN
WM. SMITH
JOHN CRUGER
RT. R LIVINGSTON
LEWIS MORRIS
S. JOHNSON
OLIVER DELANCEY
GEOR. CLINTON"

All the signatures are of men who were prominent in their day, and filled the highest offices of the province. Colden was governor; Morris, chief justice; Samuel Jones, speaker of the assembly; Chambers, Horsmanden and Jones on the bench of the supreme court as *puisne* judges; Smith and others were members of the council, &c. Some of them, as DeLancey, adhered to the royal cause, and were afterwards attainted; Clinton, Livingston, and others transferred their allegiance to the state government.

The preceding abstract, I hope, may prove of interest to the readers of the Magazine. I shall again, with your kind permission, Rev. dear Mr. Editor, have the pleasure of corresponding with them through your columns.

I remain, very respectfully,

D.

New York, May 10, 1847.

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

Archdiocess of Baltimore.—*Episcopal Visitation.*—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered the sacrament of confirmation at St. Inigo's church, St. Mary's county, on Sunday, May 9th, to one hundred and twenty-two persons: at St. Nicholas' church, same county, May 11th, to one hundred and twenty-three persons: at St. John's church, same county, May 13th, to one hundred and fifty-six persons: at Newtown, May 16th, to sixty persons: at Lady's chapel, May 17th, to eighty-one persons: at St. Joseph's chapel, May 19th, to one hundred and twenty-three persons: at Sacred Heart church, May 20th, to eighty persons, making seven hundred and forty-five in all confirmed in St. Mary's county.

On the 3d of June, the Most Rev. Archbishop administered the same holy sacrament at Trinity church, Georgetown, D. C., upon which occasion ninety-five persons were confirmed. On the 6th of June one hundred and thirty were confirmed at the cathedral church, Baltimore. On the 11th of June, twelve persons were confirmed at the academy of the Visitation, Baltimore; sixty on the 13th of June, at St. Patrick's church, Washington, D. C., and twelve on the 14th, at the academy of the Visitation, Georgetown. On Sunday, the 20th of June, the Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed fifty-six persons at St. John's church, Frederick city, Md.

Ordination.—Patrick Dalton received minor orders and the subdeaconship at the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop, in the cathedral, Baltimore, on the 16th of June, and was elevated to the deaconship and priesthood on the two following days in the chapel of the Seminary, Baltimore.

It will be heard with much satisfaction that Calvert Hall, in this city, is henceforth to be used exclusively as a novitiate of the religious order of the "Brothers of the Christian Schools." A novitiate of this excellent order is now permanently established in Baltimore. In the "Brothers of the Christian Schools," the cause of religion in the United States has received a powerful auxiliary.

Young Catholic's Friend Society.—At a meeting of the Young Catholic's Friend Society, held June 6th, the following gentlemen were elected active members: Sam'l Butler, Chas. Maloy, John R. Condon, Henry McCaffrey, Joseph Bowling, James J. A. Williams.

At the same meeting, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, in relation to the death of Dr. Charles Maguire, (late member of the society,) as testamentary of the high estimation in which he was held by his friends and associates, as commemorative of his many good qualities, and as expressive of the feelings of regret which they experienced at his demise:

Resolved, That we record the demise of our late respected fellow member, Dr. Charles Maguire, with feelings of deep and painful regret. His exemplary life and professional acts of charity to the poor, had won for him the high esteem of all who knew him.

Resolved, That his death, in the spring time of his life and usefulness, furnishes us another lesson of the uncertainty of man's hopes and designs, and admonishes us to be not unmindful of ourselves. While we mourn his loss to our society, we yield resignation to the decree of our heavenly Father, who willeth all things for his own wise purposes.

Resolved, That we tender our sympathies to his bereaved parent and sisters for the loss of a son and brother worthy of the imitation of all young men.

Resolved, That the society have a mass said for the repose of his soul, at which the members be requested to attend, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his relatives, and published in the Catholic Magazine.

M. J. Kelly, *Pres't.*

John B. Piet, *Sec'y.*

Diocess of Philadelphia.—*Confirmations.*—On the feast of our Lord's Ascension, the bishop of Philadelphia confirmed eighteen persons in St. John the Baptist's church, Haycock township, Bucks county, and on the fol-

lowing Sunday he confirmed twenty persons in St. Bernard's church, Easton.—*C. Herald.*

Spiritual Retreat.—During the week ensuing Trinity Sunday a spiritual retreat was given to the congregation of St. Peter's church, Reading, conducted chiefly by Father Fey of the Society of Redemptorists. The retreat was very numerously attended and productive of much good. Many who had long neglected their religious duties came forward and availed themselves of the privileges of the occasion.

The Right Rev. Bishop of the diocess administered confirmation in this church on Trinity Sunday, and preached several times in the course of the day. We have not learned how many were confirmed on the occasion.

Diocess of New York.—*Confirmation.*—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes administered the sacrament of confirmation to two hundred and twenty persons in St. Mary's church, on last Sunday, 9th May. There were many adults confirmed, and some of them, we have been told, were converts to the Catholic faith. On the 16th May, in St. Columba's church, he confirmed two hundred, some of whom were converts.—*Freeman's Journal.*

Ordination.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of New York held an ordination in the chapel of St. Joseph's seminary at Fordham, on Wednesday and Friday of the Ember-days of this week. On Wednesday Messrs. Eugene Maguire, Thos. Daly, John Curol and Dennis Wheeler, seminarians, received the minor orders, and together with Messrs. Augustin Regnier, Chas. Scheausky, and Augustus Kohler, scholastics of the Society of Jesus, the order of subdeaconship. On Friday the same gentlemen were ordained deacons; and on Sunday, May 30th, they received the holy order of the priesthood, in the cathedral church of St. Patrick's. Mr. Michael Nash, scholastic, S. J., also received the minor orders on Wednesday.—*Ibid.*

Confirmation.—The sacrament of confirmation was administered last Sunday, May 23d, at St. Peter's church, Barclay street, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McCloskey, to more than three hundred children,—the order and regularity of the services were very edifying. Bishop McCloskey preached at the last mass, and in the afternoon the children were addressed by the Rev. Dr. Pise.—*Ibid.*

On the 30th of May, Bishop Hughes confirmed two hundred persons, at the cathedral, at the eight o'clock mass.—*Ibid.*

We learn from the same paper, that the corner-stone of a new church was recently laid at Williamsburg, by Bishop Hughes, assisted by several clergymen. The church will be under the invocation of St. Peter, and its dimensions 100 ft. by 60, with a spire 150 ft. high.

Diocess of Boston.—*Confirmation.*—The sacrament of confirmation was administered in the church of the Holy Cross, on Wednesday, June 2, to five hundred and sixty persons—sixty of whom were adults. Among the latter are a number of converts.—*Boston Pilot.*

Diocess of Charleston.—*Retreat, &c.*—The spiritual retreat for the clergy, we learn from the Miscellany, closed on the 2d of May. The exercises were conducted by the bishop, and the venerable pastor of Savannah. After the retreat the clergy discussed several matters connected with the interests of the diocess, among which were the measures necessary for the support of the seminary, and the U. S. Catholic Miscellany, and the erection of the new cathedral.

The community of Ursulines, established for so many years at Charleston, have removed to the diocess of Cincinnati.

Diocess of New Orleans.—*Progress of religion.*—Measures have been taken, as we learn from the *Prop. Catholique*, to build a church in the parish of Terre-Bonne, and to erect a new one at Thibodeauxville. In other districts the necessity of enlarging or multiplying the churches is sensibly felt, and it is consoling to know that this want arises mainly from the increase of piety among the Catholic population, and the return of large numbers to the practice of their religion. Another evidence of its progress in the country parishes, is the fact that the newspapers generally notice with respect, the ceremonies and celebrations which take place in the churches. This was not done by them some years ago.

Confirmation.—On the 25th of April, Bishop Blanc confirmed forty-nine persons in the church of Grand Coteau, twenty-nine of whom were pupils of the college. On the same day he confirmed forty-four persons in the chapel of the Sacred Heart at Grand Coteau, all of whom except four were young ladies of the academy. In the afternoon sixty-four were confirmed in the church of Vermillonville.

Ordination.—On the 2d of May, Bishop Blance held an ordination in the chapel of the diocesan seminary, parish of Assumption, conferring the deaconship on Mr. Simon Rominger, subdeaconship on Mr. Cornelius Moynahan, and the minor orders on Mr. Isidore Curry.

Confirmation.—On the 9th of May, Bishop Blanc confirmed one hundred persons in St. Michael's church, Parish of St. James; on the same, in the church of Donaldsonville, eighty-two: on the feast of the Ascension, in St. Augustin's church, New Orleans, one hundred and seventy-four: at Carrollton, on the 16th May, twenty-five: 30th of May, in the cathedral, one hundred and thirty-four.—*Prop. Cath.*

We gather from the same source that the infirmary for emigrants, Esplanade street, New Orleans, has received 203 patients since it was opened. Of this number, 99 have left it perfectly restored, and have been supplied with work, or the means of procuring it. Eleven died. Another institution of the same kind is

about to be established in the city. A Catholic society for the instruction of poor colored orphans has recently been organised in New Orleans, to carry out the intentions of a benevolent individual who left funds for that purpose.

Diocess of Pittsburg.—The *Pittsburg Catholic* informs us that arrangements have been made for erecting a hospital, to be placed under the care of the Sisters of Mercy.

Diocess of Richmond.—On the 2d of May, the corner stone of a new church was laid at Wheeling, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Whelan. The bishop of Cincinnati preached on the occasion. The church is to be 132 feet long and 75 wide.

Diocess of Chicago.—*Retreat*, &c.—We learn from the *St. Louis News Letter*, that on the 18th of April a spiritual retreat for the clergy was opened at Chicago and terminated on the 25th. It was conducted by Father Di Maria, of the Society of Jesus in Missouri, and was attended by thirty-four priests. At the close of the retreat the Rt. Rev. Bishop Quarter celebrated a pontifical high mass.

Synod.—On the evening of that day, the 25th, a diocesan synod was opened with the usual ceremonies and prayers, the first synod ever held in Illinois, in which many useful regulations were enacted.

Confirmation.—On Sunday, 18th of April, the bishop administered the sacrament of confirmation to upwards of sixty children, the most of whom had made on that day their first communion. At Belleville, on the 30th of May, he confirmed one hundred and twenty-six persons. On the 1st of June, sixty-three were confirmed at Kaskaskia.

Diocess of Louisville.—*Rt. Rev. Dr. Chabrat.*—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Coadjutor of this diocess, Dr. Chabrat, left here on Saturday morning for Europe, whither he goes chiefly because of his decline of health. Before departing, he announced to the Catholics of this city his intention to resign into the hands of the sovereign pontiff the office which he holds, and to the duties of which he feels himself unable to attend in consequence of his infirmities. Whether or not his resignation will be accepted is yet unknown. We understand that after a sojourn at Vichy, in France, during the heats of summer, it is the bishop's intention to visit the eternal city and the shrines of the apostles. He has not informed us when we are to expect his return; but with the Catholics here, amongst whom and for whom he has spent his life, we pray that God may restore him to health and usefulness.—*Cath. Advocate.*

The Jubilee.—The Jubilee was opened in the congregation of St. Joseph's, Bardstown, on Sunday, May 2d, and at the same time the exercises of a spiritual retreat, to be continued for one week, were commenced. The principal instructions were given by the Rev. Mr. McMahon, president of St. Joseph's college, and Rev. Mr. Duparq, pastor of the congregation of Holy Mary. These exercises were remarkably well attended by the Catholics of the congregation, and contributed greatly to revive zeal and piety. At least five hundred approached the sacraments on Sunday morning the 9th inst. There was also on this morning a first communion for the children of the congregation, who had been prepared for this great action with appropriate instructions and exercises during the week by the Rev. pastor, Dr. B. J. Spalding. Before the late mass on this day the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chabrat administered the sacrament of confirmation to seventy-five or eighty persons, one of whom was a convert who had been baptized the day previous.—*Ib.*

Diocess of Cincinnati.—*Ordination.*—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell conferred minor orders, last Saturday morning, May 30th, in the cathedral, on Messrs. Casper Borgess and Louis Kavinzel. Mr. Peter Cyril Delacroix and Mr. Thomas Boulger received subdeaconship, and on Monday last they were raised to the order of deacons. At the last service today, at 10 o'clock, the same Rev. gentlemen are to receive the priesthood.—*Cath. Telegraph.*

Confirmation.—The sacrament of confirmation was administered by the bishop of the diocess, in the Holy Trinity church, on Sunday morning to eighty-five persons, and in the afternoon to one hundred and fifty-five persons in the cathedral, amongst whom were several converts to our holy faith.—*Ibid.*

The *Catholic Telegraph* states that, at the united prayer of Bishops Flaget and Chabrat, and Bishop Purcell, the Holy Father has been pleased to attach to the diocess of Cincinnati the towns of Newport and Covington, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio river, with the adjacent territory to the distance of three miles.

Diocess of Vincennes.—*Ordination.*—The Rev. Francis Guesse, a member of the Society of the Priests of the Holy Cross, was on the 23d May ordained subdeacon; and on the 29th and 30th respectively, he was promoted to the orders of deacon and priest.—*Cath. Advocate.*

FOREIGN.

Ireland.—*Death of Daniel O'Connell.*—The most important news brought by the last arrivals, is the death of the illustrious Liberator which took place at Genoa on the 15th of May, where his obsequies were celebrated with all the pomp and solemnity due to his high station and distinguished merit.

OBITUARY.

We regret to have to announce this week the death of the Rev. James Tiernan, C. M., of St. Mary's Barrens, Mo. He died at the Theological Seminary in this city, on the night of the 25th ult., of consumption, aged 29 years. The deceased was a pious and efficient laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, and had endeared himself to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.—*News Letter.*

On the 8th of June, at the Baltimore Infirmary, Sister Corinna (Fledderman,) after an illness of twelve days. Sister Corinna died of ship fever, which she caught from the patients whom she had been most assiduously attending. R. I. P.

General Evidences of Catholicity: being the substance of a course of lectures, lately delivered in the cathedral of St. Louis, Louisville; by M. J. Spalding, D. D. Louisville: B. J. Webb and brother; 12mo. pp. 396.

The relation which Dr. Spalding holds with the Magazine as one of its editors, might have given to a laudatory notice of his lectures in this periodical an air of partiality, had we commended them to public attention on their first appearance from the press. But now that they have received from various quarters that tribute of praise which should be sufficient to obtain for them a wide circulation, we consider ourselves free, not only to mention this fact, but likewise to express an opinion in reference to the merits of the work; the more so as this opinion is based upon the plan of its execution which is altogether original with the author. His object has been, as the title indicates, to exhibit the general evidences of Catholicity, that is, to point out those main, distinctive features with which the Christian religion was invested by its divine Founder, and by which it may always be recognised in contradistinction to the sects which pretend to be derived from the same source. Dr. Spalding addresses himself to those to whom the Gospel has been preached, and who admit the divine institution of Christianity. Hence before he enters fully upon the subject of his lectures, he lays down certain principles which are supposed to be admitted by the Christian, and which cannot be denied without overturning the whole system which Christ established. Those principles are: 1, that Christ instituted and could have instituted but one religion; 2, that he must have clearly defined all its component elements, and not left them vague and unsettled; 3, that he required all men to embrace this religion, as determined by him; 4, that he made it sufficiently plain to be recognised by all to whom it may be announced. After establishing these fundamental principles, the author proceeds to show that the whole question among Christians is reduced to the inquiry, which among the different systems or forms of Christianity in the world, is that which Christ established; and this leads him to the consideration of the peculiar constitution which he gave to his church, the necessary consequences of its diffusion throughout the world, the characters essential to it, all which are proved to be found only in the Catholic church and to be utterly incompatible with the modern sects that lay claim to orthodoxy. As we have observed, this plan pursued by Dr. Spalding in his lectures, differs from those of Dr. Wiseman, Dr. Milner and others who are so well known in our controversial literature. He has not entered into the exposition and proof of the several points of doctrine which are held and taught by the Catholic church; but what appears to us better adapted to the present state of Christian polemics, and a more direct method of leading the sincere inquirer to the discovery of the true faith, he has followed a plan and a train of argument which make Christianity and Catholicity one and the same thing, in principle as well as in fact, and he makes the whole controversy consist in the investigation of that church which we are bound to submit to, as the teaching authority which Christ established, and through which all other necessary questions on the subject of religion are at once determined. In the course of his arguments, the author has treated at length several important points which are but briefly considered in the works of other writers, and has collected a mass of historical evidence which throws a vast deal of light upon the subjects under notice. Upon the whole, we cannot but think that Dr. Spalding's Lectures will be found more generally useful for settling the great points at issue between Catholicity and Protestantism, than any other work of a similar kind. Its method and style are both calculated to secure for it more general favor, and we hope that it will receive from the community that extensive patronage which it merits, as a most valuable channel of information for the Catholic as well as the Protestant.

Catechism of an Interior Life, by J. J. Olier, founder and first superior of the seminary of St. Sulpitius. Translated from the French, by M. E. K. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press, 32mo. pp. 251.

Mr. Olier was one of the deepest spiritual writers of the seventeenth century, or perhaps of modern times. A Protestant who would read the little work before us, which exhibits the spirit of Jesus Christ and the sentiments that belong to his followers, would no doubt consider the author a rigorist who teaches what is beyond the capabilities of human nature: for Protestantism has smoothed the way of Christian morality and adapted it to most of those weaknesses and frailties which we carry with us from our very birth. But the Catholic will find in the spiritual catechism of Mr. Olier, an admirable illustration of the spirit which his church inculcates, and a most practical method of introducing it into his various duties and actions. This little work is very well printed.

The Life of St. Stanislaus Kostka, of the Society of Jesus; patron of novices. Translated from the Italian. First American edition. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press, 18mo. pp. 144.

This is one of those works which do more for the maintenance of Christian piety among the practical advocates of religion, than any other class of books, even those of a spiritual character. The Life of St. Stanislaus is a valuable addition to our hagiological literature, and should be extensively circulated, particularly among the junior portion of the community, who will discover in his heroic example an accomplished model for imitation. The volume is neatly executed.

Prevention better than Cure; or the moral wants of the world we live in. By Mrs. Ellis, author of the Women of England, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton; 12mo. pp. 213.

The title of this work embraces a most important and interesting topic of discussion. The moral wants of society in such a period as the nineteenth century, it must be readily

perceived, cover a vast and practical field for investigation. The accomplished writer has endeavored to show that the social disorders of England, which philanthropists and legislators undertake to remedy, ought rather to be anticipated and prevented, by directing more attention to the moral training of youth. This seems to be the great omission on the part of those who benevolently seek to ameliorate the condition of their race. Every thing else is provided for; all the material wants of society seem to be consulted; the most wonderful advances are made in manufactures and in the arts and sciences: and the most ample means of intellectual improvement are enjoyed; while at the same time this increasing civilization presents the sad picture of a retrograde movement in morals. The fact that the nineteenth century has not become better by its increased light, has not escaped the observation of Mrs. Ellis. The deification of the material to the exclusion of the moral, our author laments as the characteristic feature of the age, and she has very philanthropically raised her voice, to rouse her slumbering fellow-countrymen to a sense of the imperative duty of sowing the seed of virtue in the minds of youth, as the effectual preventive of many evils which disturb the order and peace of society. But in drawing a distinction between the influence of moral motives and that of religion, we think Mrs. Ellis has signally failed to prescribe the proper remedy of the evil. Religion only, by its teachings and ministrations, can supply the world with an efficacious antidote against vice, as well as repair its unhappy consequences; and all social reformers will be unsuccessful in their attempts, however benevolently intended, unless they make religion, and true religion, with its ample provisions for the infirmities and wants of man, the source of their confidence and the groundwork of their operations. The authoress, however, though she has but superficially treated the subject, presents some excellent views which are well deserving of attentive consideration.

A Voyage up the river Amazon, including a residence at Paria. By William H. Edwards. New York: Appletons; 12mo. pp. 256.

This is a very entertaining volume, and furnishes useful information relative to the natural scenery and productions of the country of which it treats. In regard to the Catholic ceremonies which the author witnessed, he shows his incompetency to speak of them as the nature of the subject requires.

The Natural History of the Gent. By Albert Smith. N. York: Appletons; 18mo. pp. 104.

In this volume the author has exhibited a class of individuals denominated the *Gent*, in a most amusing light, and proved them to have no other importance in society than the honor of being objects of special contempt among the enlightened and respectable portion of the community. Whoever reads this book, will be forcibly reminded of the graphic portrait that Washington Irving has drawn of a fop.

Discourse in commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims of Maryland, pronounced at Mt. St. Mary's College, May 10, 1847. By Geo. H. Miles, Esq. Emmitsburg: pp. 39.

The patriot, not less than the friend of religion, must view with heartfelt pleasure the recurrence of the annual ceremony which takes place at Mount St. Mary's College, in honor of the Maryland Pilgrims. The glorious event which it is intended to commemorate, is one of the most striking and important, not only in the history of the particular province where it occurred, but in the annals of our country, and even of the world. It exhibits the first instance of that civil and religious liberty, which the government of the United States has so much reason to boast of, and when considered in contrast with the establishment of other colonies on this side of the Atlantic, it presents a subject of the deepest interest, both in a political and religious point of view. It is but just, therefore, that while the pilgrims of Plymouth receive the praise of having fled from persecution, for conscience' sake, the pilgrims of Maryland should receive the honors due to those who not only fled from oppression, but opened an asylum where conscience would be free from the restraints of political tyrants. Though the subject of our colonial origin has been frequently descanted upon, Mr. Miles has imparted to it a novel interest, by confining his remarks chiefly to the causes which led to a part of our American colonization, and to the main features in its history. Did our space permit, we would present some extracts; but we hope that this excellent discourse will be widely circulated and extensively read.

Father Oswald, a genuine Catholic story, a new edition, revised, corrected and improved. Baltimore: John Murphy. Pittsburg: George Quigley.

A new edition of this interesting work will, we have no doubt, be warmly greeted by the Catholics of the United States. Since the exhaustion of the first edition of Father Oswald, we have heard frequent inquiries after it and many regrets at its disappearance. Indeed any one who has once read it, must feel that the absence of such a book from the shelves of our book stores and the libraries of Catholics causes a hiatus deeply to be deplored. Few if any books of Catholic literature have come up more effectually to the objects with which they set out than the tale of Father Oswald. The rites and dogmas of our holy religion are explained in a masterly style and in so animated a manner, that even an indifferent reader will find his interest in the book kept up to the last. It is a model of a work especially in the manner in which the religious colloquies are kept up. This edition it will be seen by reference to the title page, owes its appearance to the enterprise of Mr. Murphy. It is presented to the Catholic public in an improved style, and we hope every Catholic will supply himself with a copy of the work. We can safely say that there are few Catholic books in our language, better adapted to general use or calculated to do more extensive and lasting good.

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